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THE PASSIONATE VICTORIANS.

Psychologically speaking, the New Criticism, the New Poetry, the New Art, of which we are hearing so much, is easily understood. It reminds us of a child who, after much listening to the talk of its elders, pulls its mother's skirt and says: "But Mamma, I am here too!" And the public, which is always tired of hearing Aristides called the just, or Shakespeare the great, is more or less ready to respond to any irreverence. "The aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian dome" no doubt found a good deal of sympathy in his day. People probably wrote to their newspapers saying that they were dead tired of the old marble shack, and that Diana had no right to a "dome" anyhow, because she was merely the Goddess of chaste propriety and as such was entirely out of date in Ephesus.

This last charge is the gravamen, the attack of the modernists on the writers of the preceding epoch. They assert that the Victorian age was given over to the domination of Mrs. Grundy,—that its literary creations could utter nothing but "prunes, prisms, and persimmons." Now there undoubtedly was a general sobering down from the intoxications and riots of the Georgian period. The literature which preceded and accompanied the French Revolution was possibly the most world-upsetting that has ever been known. Even in politics and social reform, our radicals have hardly caught up with Rousseau, Malthus, Godwin, and Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. And Goethe, Schiller, Burns, Byron, Shelley, and Leopardi could give aces and spades to any modernist and beat him in the revelation of the nudities of human nature. Byron was in act and thought and literary production the superman whom Nietzsche has only philosophized about. But nevertheless we think it quite untrue that the Victorian Age was the dull, drab, Quaker domain of propriety which critics have accused it of being. Great literature cannot exist without the exhibition of the good and evil inherent in humanity; and as the Victorian Age undoubtedly produced great literature, it must

have dealt with such forces, chief among which are the problems of sex.

No modern poet has realized more fully than Tennyson the Miltonic law that poetry should be simple, sensuous, and passionate. In meaning, music, and picture, he is prevailingly sensuous; and he never hesitates to deal with any subject that would yield him the agitations, clashes, and climaxes of great art. His largest poem, "The Idylls of the King," is a tale of adultery, and its central theme is repeated in some of the minor episodes,—"Merlin and Vivien" is a study of sexual temptation. A great part of Tennyson's early work betrays an extreme susceptibility to feminine beauty and charm, and a most frank portrayal of these things. Very few poets have celebrated so many women, painted from so many different models. "The Sisters" is a tragic story of betrayal and revenge. "Locksley Hall" and "Maud" were called Byronic in their day,—though in each case the passion developed is a thwarted one. It must not be forgotten, too, that he stated the whole problem of the intellectual equality of the sexes in "The Princess." The modern education of woman owes a good deal to his initiative. Tennyson always leans to virtue's side, but prudery is the last defect of which he can be accused.

Of prudery there is of course none in Browning. He is the poet who sympathizes with women, and the one whom women consequently take to their hearts. He protects the erring woman with his shield, as other poets protect the erring man. "The Ring and the Book" is one long plea for a tempted woman. "The Statue and the Bust" is about as absolute a statement of the right of passion to have its way as has been put forth by any present-day author. And "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" is a pathetic and sympathetic study of a wronged girl.

So far as we are aware, no recent writer has gone any further in the revelation of sexuality than Rossetti in "The House of Life." Some of the sonnets of this poem drew forth Robert Buchanan's puritanical outburst on "The Fleshly School of Poetry." The flesh does get about all that is due to it in the poem; although, on the whole, it is, if anything, too subtly spiritual. The sex interest is also supreme in several of Rossetti's ballads.

The young Swinburne was a Victorian, and we do not know of any modernist who would

not be, in the language of the street, "a piker" in sex revolt compared with the author of "Laus Veneris," the creator of "Dolores," "Fragoletta," and other daughters of joy who put aside "the lilies and languors of virtue" for "the roses and rapture of vice." Swinburne also gave up a great part of his life to rehabilitating, or rather justifying, Mary Queen of Scots. His plays on this subject may pass with "The Ring and the Book" as the most extended study of a frail woman in poetry.

Turning to the novel, we come to Becky Sharp, who towers over the bad women of that literary form almost as Lady Macbeth and Clytemnestra do over the evil dames of the drama. It is true that Taine depreciates Becky in comparison with Valérie Marneffe, and that a good many modern critics would give the palm to Emma Bovary. They are all three as full of original evil as possible; but for our part, we think that Becky has more variety of wickedness in her than the other two. At any rate, they are all anterior to the art of the modernist, and we fail to see where the latter has improved upon them. It was Thackeray who uttered the plaint about the restrictions which Victorian prudery placed on the novelist; but in Blanche Amory he managed to suggest a good deal of depravity, just as in Pendennis's Fanny he developed a good deal of honest though irregular passion. Beatrice in "Esmond" is a splendid minx.

Dickens was hardly a sex novelist. His outlook on life was too prevailingly comic to take women as seriously as they want to be taken,—as indeed they must be taken to produce the greatest effects. But has any Russian novelist of them all painted a more tragic and tremendous character of low life than Nancy in "Oliver Twist"? And Little Em'ly is not all sentimental; certain scenes in her career are unflinching in their realism and their force. Lady Dedlock and Edith Dombey are more shadowy; but they show, at least, that Dickens was not afraid to violate the conventions.

Passion has never thrilled through any novel as it does through those of Emily and Charlotte Brontë. It is true that there is no actual infraction of virtue in their stories. But what earthly difference does that make when, in nearly every case, the passion is a prohibited one, and sex attraction is expressed with the utmost poignancy and abandon? In

"Wuthering Heights" especially, the lovers' spiritual possession of each other makes all matters of the flesh seem shallow and impertinent.

George Eliot was perhaps more responsible than any one else for the impression that the atmosphere of Victorian literature was the atmosphere of a Sunday school; that its novel was the antithesis of the French novel or the earlier English one of Fielding and Smollett. She really was a Sunday-school teacher of genius, and she got on the nerves of William Ernest Henley and other critics, who have for a time written her down in spite of her immense merits. Yet, though she preached over vice, she needed vice to spice her novels. Hetty falls, and Maggie Tulliver is tempted. To a good many minds, the triumph of virtue and the condemnation of sin excuse a good deal of dallying with sin by the way. A dozen years or so ago, there was a play, founded on "Quo Vadis," which was immensely popular in this country. Clergymen recommended it to their flocks as a great moral spectacle. We remember taking a young woman to see it, and, hardened theatre-goer as we were, we sat on pins and needles through some of the scenes. We should certainly never have felt, in any company, such a shock to modesty in witnessing "The School for Scandal," for instance. However, George Eliot's humor and pathos and wisdom are most genuine, and they will finally weigh down her over-much preaching and vivisection of characters.

Until recently, in America, sex problems have hardly entered into our literature. The one great exception is "The Scarlet Letter," in which Hawthorne proved himself a mighty tragedian. Puritan as he was, he had an abiding interest in strongly sensuous scenes and characters,—as witness Zenobia in "The Blithedale Romance." Poe, his rival and opposite, though a Cavalier by temperament and a Greek by instinct, was an absolute Puritan in his literary creations. At least he managed to give the effect of chastity or virginal unconsciousness to figures which are projected with the utmost vividness of sensuous painting. Herman Melville's "Typee" is a sunny, irresponsible picture of sex attraction. Most of our older poets and prose writers,—moralists or humorists, whichever they were,—have taken the sex question as read, and ordered it laid upon the table.

But the Victorian age in England, we think, concerned itself with women, or with the relation between the sexes, more than does any other literature, except perhaps the Shakespearean drama. The previous literature of the world dealt overwhelmingly with men. Woman was an adjunct, of course, but she was not encouraged to develop any individuality of her own. She was to be either an Egeria or a handmaid. The Victorian literature changed all that. It retired men into the background, and devoted itself very largely to feminine characterizations. Nearly every one of its chief poets or novelists,—Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Thackeray, Meredith, Charles Reade,—was a Perseus breaking the bonds of Andromeda. If the modernists have done very much more salvage of this kind, we are perhaps too "near blind" to see it.

There is a certain type of mind which is always rediscovering the elemental facts of human nature. We have no wish to discourage any Columbus of this kind. But we would suggest that the differences between the literatures of various epochs is more a difference of form than of matter. When poetry is dominant, an ideal factor enters into literature, harshnesses are smoothed down, discords are harmonized, and power is subjugated by Beauty. When prose rages unchecked, the reportorial instinct is at work, huge chunks of life are flung in our faces, and Beauty is dragged about the stage by the hair of her head. We have had many able reporters of life in recent times; but, for our part, we still continue to prefer the poets.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

I see it stated in some French publications, and the statement has been repeated in at least one American newspaper, that the United States has formally adhered to the Berne Convention concerning authors' rights. But the first condition of this pact is that each state shall place on precisely the same basis, as far as its international copyright relations are concerned, the status of the books of all other states. In this connection, perhaps the best authority on the subject of copyright in the United States, Mr. George Haven Putnam, says to me:

No present action is practicable, and, so far as I know, no action is now in train, in regard to the relations of the United States with the Convention of Berne. As you know, but as these French writers on the subject do not seem to know, under the influence of our protective system and of the labor unions, the copyright law of the United States contains a manufacturing provision which declares that no work may secure copyright in our country that has not been entirely manufactured within American territory. This provision makes it impracticable for the United States to accept membership in the Berne Convention. The statute which went into force in July, 1909, not only confirms but extends the manufacturing requirements of the statute of 1891, which was the first that accorded copyright to foreigners. As long as our nation maintains a protective policy, and as long as our national legislation is largely under the influence of the labor unions, we have no prospect of securing an abolition of the manufacturing condition for copyright. It is of course in no way germane to copyright law, but we should have had no international copyright if we had not been willing to accept this manufacturing condition.

Mention of Major Putnam reminds me that his house has recently taken over the American end of the "Loeb Classical Library," and suggests my repeating here two foreign judgments, though they be rather severe, on our Latin and Greek scholarship. Here is what one of the most thorough British classical scholars wrote me last winter:

American scholars seem to me behind English scholars in literary interest in the classics. They have, in my judgment—but I am much prejudiced in the other direction—far too much devoted themselves to grammatical, technical, and archaeological study; in fact have taken the German rather than the French or English line. To my mind this is a defect, and I think the "Loeb Classical Library" ought to do much to remedy it. But unhappily, the Library seems to be imperfectly appreciated as yet in America.

And here is what an equally competent French scholar has said to me on this same point:

I consider the English work in the "Loeb Library" superior to that of the American scholars. But Dr. Page and Dr. Rouse, the editors-in-chief of the enterprise, take so much trouble with the revision that faulty manuscripts must appear correctly under their guidance.

A discussion has lately been going on in French literary circles about the effect of the war on periodicals in Europe. I have a few facts which I can contribute to the question. In Belgium, for instance, the conflict has caused the entire suppression of the reviews, which were always rather weak, being largely overshadowed by those of France. But beyond the borders of this unfortunate country some new Belgian periodicals have been founded. Thus, at Paris (Rue des Colonnes) is issued the weekly, "La Patrie Belge"; at Havre, where the Belgian government sits, appears "Le XX^e Siècle"; while the well-known Brussels daily, "L'Indépendance Belge," is

now being published at Tudor House, London. Then there is "La Belgique Indépendante," a sort of semi-monthly brought out at Geneva (18 rue du Chêne), whose editor, M. Jean Bary, formerly at the head of the Ghent daily, "La Flandre Libérale," seems to consider it his chief aim at this crisis to throw mud at the Belgian public men without distinction of party. But perhaps the most interesting of these Belgian periodicals struggling for an existence on foreign soil is "La Wallonie," whose office is at 14 rue St. Georges, Paris, and whose editor is M. Raymond Colleye. The purpose of this semi-monthly is to support, as its name would indicate, the French side in Belgium, without, however, attacking in any form the Flemish interests of the country. By the way, this word "Wallonie," invented in 1884 by M. Célestin Demblon, of the Belgian Parliament, became immediately popular, and now seems to have entered into the language of Belgium. It is meant to designate the four and a half Walloon provinces in contradistinction to the four and a half Flemish provinces of this same bilingual nation.

For what I intended to say about the Scandinavian reviews, I substitute this extract from a communication which I have just received from Georg Brandes, written from Copenhagen:

None of our Scandinavian periodicals have had to suspend publication on account of the war. I have not read them all but I know their views. In a general way all try to remain neutral and are not disposed to publish articles which clearly or violently attack either side. For imports, we depend upon England; for exports, we depend upon Germany. Our sympathies are manifested, but not too directly, in the newspapers rather than in the reviews. On account of the war of 1864, which robbed Denmark of territory, the feeling here in Copenhagen is anti-German, and it is especially so because of the brutal way in which the Prussian government treats conquered Sleswick. The Norwegians are for England and France. In Sweden only the socialists are truly neutral, or are friendly to England or France. The majority of the nation has very good grounds for hating and fearing Russia, which is a constant threat to her security and which has filled the country with spies. The Allies have made a bad impression in Sweden as elsewhere by trying to deny that Russia is a menace to liberty not only in Finland and Poland but everywhere. You well know what the average human being is worth. They cannot think and cannot feel soundly. In Denmark prevails a certain fanaticism, too merited alas! against Germany. In Norway the people are cooler because in a less dangerous position. In Sweden, sentiments are dictated by fear of Russia, the terrible neighbor. All this comes out in our Scandinavian periodicals in one shape or another.

Ultra-Frenchmen have accused Brandes of being too German and ultra-Germans have accused him of being too French, but the above paragraph shows him holding the bal-

ance rather evenly in these difficult times.

Spanish periodicals are particularly interesting just now for the light which they throw on the efforts of the two belligerent sides to influence neutral public opinion through the printed page. In a general way it may be said that the Spanish publications are very much divided in their allegiance. Thus, the "Nuevo Mundo" gives more space to the cause of the Allies than to that of the Central Empires, especially in the articles of that clever writer, Gomez de Baquero. The illustrated press is, on the whole, on the side of England. "Blanco y Negro" desires to be considered neutral, but its caricatures and cartoons would find a welcome place in any German magazine, though the articles signed Angel M. Castell are decidedly favorable to France. "A. B. C.," which is owned by the same company as "Blanco y Negro," was at first so furiously pro-German that it was not allowed to enter any of the Allied countries. The London "Times" has been very severe on it. But to-day it appears to have changed its tactics slightly, and its Germanophile military correspondent has left its staff. The "Ilustracion Española y Americana" is openly on the side of Germany. The same thing is true of "El Montidero," while "España" is a friend of France. In fact, in Spain are several publications which do not try to conceal their propagandist character. Thus, on the German side are "Germania," "El Mundo Ilustrado," "Hamburgo Nachrichten," and "Hojas Devuladoras," which are printed in Barcelona or even in Hamburg itself. The Allies' organs are "La Razon," "America Latina," "El Mundo Latino," and "El Bollatin de la Alizanza." A German watchmaker in Madrid named Coppel publishes gratis a paper whose very name tells its purpose,—"El Propoganda Germanofila." In this connection, a journalistic friend at Madrid writes me:

The consulates of the neutral nations are inundated with pamphlets and circulars of German origin, and papers of the same sort written in perfect Spanish are handed to passers-by in the streets and left in the churches and public establishments, and sent to convents and schools. In a word, Germany is spending millions on propaganda in Spain. This state of things would seem to give color to a remark attributed to our witty young king when he declared that "I and the rabble are alone with the Allies."

From Rome, M. Jules Destrée writes me that "in Italy the reviews are probably more active than in any other part of Europe, and are engaged in publishing articles of the highest interest." In fact most of them, with two or three exceptions, such as the "Rassegna Contemporanea" which was very feeble before the war came, have continued to appear. But

they are still very sharply divided on the question which, however, would seem to be settled, of participation or non-participation. In the latter division belong the "Revue Socialiste" of Signor Turati and the Naples "Critica," edited by the philosopher Benedetto Croce, still an impenitent admirer of Germany. The most important of Italian reviews, the "Nuova Antologia," though in this same camp when the hostilities began, is now squarely on the side of the Allies. The same is true of the young reviews, as for instance the "Voce," organ of the "futuristes" both in art and letters. Archbishop Henry Doucet, who knows his Rome as well as he does his Paris, writes me as follows on these points:

The present state of Italian public opinion is well revealed by the position of the reviews. At the same time that we see disappear non-intervention periodicals, we also note the foundation of very solid interventionist periodicals. In a word, it may be safely said that the grand majority of the Italian reviews, and especially the younger and more active of them, are squarely of the latter category.

In Switzerland at least one review calls for a word apart. "La Revue Politique Internationale," founded at Paris in January, 1914, was, when the cloud burst a few weeks later, carried to Lausanne, where it is still appearing, and in its pages some of the best periodical literature now being printed in Europe is coming out. Its energetic and accomplished editor, M. Félix Vályi, said to me recently:

Our aim is the spreading of scientific internationalism. I myself am more a philosopher than a politician, and my programme is to remove politics from the exclusive influence of the personally ambitious and to introduce into its domain those unselfish intellectuals who up to the present balk at the idea of associating themselves with politics.

Something, too, ought perhaps to be said here about the Dutch monthly printed in the French language at The Hague,—"La Revue de Hollande," whose purpose is to spread French ideas and the French language in the Low Countries and to draw more closely together intellectually the two nations. This is the very time for such a periodical to do good work; but while the editorial side is fairly well conducted, the administrative side is rather weak and inactive, with the result that the review is not at all exerting the influence that it should be exerting. It is printed on good paper, in type pleasing to the eye, while the level of the articles is far above that found in the average European monthly; but somehow it does not appear to prosper.

Much might be said in this connection concerning the periodicals of France, but I shall speak briefly only about one of them,—

"L'Opinion," published at 4 rue Chauveau-Lagarde. The chief founder of this interesting weekly was M. Paul Doumer, "the Roosevelt of France," whose five sons were in the trenches, where one has been killed and two wounded already. In shape and spirit this paper somewhat resembles "The New Republic," with the saving salt of what the French call the *spirituel*. Since the outbreak of the war one of its strongest features has been the sturdy bold drawings of Forain. Its editor, M. Maurice Colrat de Montrozier, who has a most pleasant personality and brains that go with it, is a close friend of both the President of the Republic and the President of the Ministry; so that when the editorial columns speak out, they speak with considerable authority. This periodical and this editor will surely be heard from in a powerful way in the New France, especially when the weekly becomes a daily, which I am authorized to say will be the case when the peace comes.

Another Paris daily, "Le Temps," characterizes that gifted Nicaraguan, the late Ruben Dario, as "the Prince of Hispano-American poets"; the "Mercure de France" places at the head of its number for April 1, a very eulogistic article on him from the pen of Ventura Garcia Calderon; the New York Hispanic Society announces a volume of his translated poems to be issued under its auspices; and now Señor Julio Llanos, Paris correspondent of the Buenos Ayres "Nacion," informs the public that he and a little group of friends of the poet are collecting funds with which to raise a monument in his honor in the French capital which he loved so dearly. Very timely, therefore, is this note from the young American critic and publisher, Mr. Robert J. Shores, who presents the poet in a more intimate manner than I have seen him presented elsewhere. Speaking of Dario's sojourn in New York during the winter of 1914-15, Mr. Shores says:

Though I saw Ruben Dario a number of times and talked with him in rather intimate fashion regarding his plans and his work, he was something of an enigma to me. In personal appearance he was swarthy, stout, and gave the impression of being a larger man than he really was. He was not, in fact, very tall; but he seemed tall as well as broad. He had a very pleasant smile; but when his face was in repose, he had almost an oriental cast of countenance. His head was fine,—the sort a sculptor likes; the sort which looks well upon a medal or coin. Dario was not sociable. He did not like to meet people; seemed really to be averse to making new acquaintances, though he was affable enough when he did meet them. In many respects he was like a child; when he was pleased with anything, he showed his pleasure very plainly. He was vain but not conceited; he did not boast but accepted praise, and even flattery, with great equanimity. He liked to hear his poetry praised, and on one occasion asked me to read

three times a letter which he had received from a lady who admired his poems, and each time he exclaimed, "That is good for me." During his stay in New York, he complained very much of the cold, and did not like to go out unless the sun was hot. He was very remiss in keeping his engagements, and would often telephone at the last moment to say he could not attend a repast given in his honor. So when George Sylvester Viereck invited him to luncheon, Dario decided at the eleventh hour that he could not go. I telephoned the message to Viereck, who was not at his office, and two days later he wrote me saying he hoped Dario had not been disappointed as he (Viereck) had quite forgotten to go to the rendezvous for the luncheon! I heard Dario read in public in Spanish from his poetry. He spoke very well and read very effectively. While in New York he was presented with a silver medal by the Hispanic Society, and with an address of honor drawn up by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

THEODORE STANTON.

May 20, 1916.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE SEARCH FOR THE PERMANENT in these days of demolition and overturn has occupied more than one earnest soul. When the bottom seems to be dropping out of everything there is an imperative need of something solid to cling to. This need, in an intellectual and spiritual sense, is keenly felt by a writer in "The Unpopular Review" who, under the heading "Efficiency" and "Efficiency," pleads for a return to the ancient classics, to the "humanities" as they were cultivated by our grandfathers in the good old days before the warfare of science with the elder learning. Defining humanism as "the critical study of the experience of man in his search for standards of worth," the writer finds no such study more productive of satisfying results than a serious pursuit of the classics. But the rare scholar of to-day who pursues the classics for the pure love of it, finds himself suffering a degree of spiritual isolation. As our courageously "unpopular" pleader says of the humanist, "in the face of a world of things, against those whose god is the science of speed, he alone, as it sometimes seems, upholds the primal gift of man,—the power to discriminate and to choose." To quote further, and without too strict regard to immediate connection: "Partly because of this natural relation of the ancient writer to his environment, partly because of something which must be set down simply as genius, his work, unlike all but the rarest and least read of contemporary writing, rings true because it comes from the heart and centre of things. Though not given to uncharitableness, one cannot but find much of even the most able literature of recent years given not to the portrayal of the broadly human, not to the observation of the will in action and the workings of the laws of human nature, but to the exploitation of idiosyncrasy for idiosyncrasy's sake. This absence of the central, this stress on aimless mood and easy-going sentiment at the expense of character, this failure to discriminate among values, is responsible for the

impetus that modern literature has given to our already violent tendency to prefer quantity to quality. And it would be a sufficient reason, were there no other, for us to refuse to accept modern literature as an adequate substitute for the classics. For, in a word, modern literature, compared with ancient, is a relaxation and a confusion of the spirit rather than a discipline." For a real and not a seeming efficiency we are directed back to the study of the classics.

. . .

ON THE SUBJECT OF CAPITALS certain remarks suggest themselves which may be not out of place here and not too wearisome to the reader. An initial capital letter adds dignity and importance to a word. Our national legislature we appropriately call "Congress," not "congress." The founder of Jamestown is known as John Smith, not john smith; and any person who should write "george washington" in naming our first President would stamp himself as little better than illiterate. The accepted library usage of beginning with a capital only the first word of a book-title and any proper names in that title is to be commended on the score of economy, if economy in the use of capitals is itself desirable. But a title seems to stand out better in large initial letters (except to the insignificant words like articles and prepositions) than in small. "All's Well That Ends Well" shows itself at once as Shakespeare's play of that name. "All's well that ends well" would at first glance be taken for a popular maxim. In the current "Quarterly" of the Carnegie Library of Atlanta are several references to well-known books and periodicals, the titles of which are printed with a rather puzzling variability in respect to capitals. We find Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," but very soon afterward Dickens's "American notes," and on the next page Henry James's "The American scene." We note also references to "The Boston Transcript," "The dial" and "Book review digest." What is there in the words "manners" and "transcript" to entitle them to greater honor than the words "notes," "scene," "dial," "review," and "digest"? One of our foremost newspapers aims at consistency in the use of capitals by employing them only (as is jokingly maintained) to indicate the founder of the journal and the founder of Christianity. This is going a little too far, as even the most scrupulous library cataloguer would admit.

. . .

A FOE TO INTELLECTUAL NARROWNESS is a friend to liberal culture. This self-evident truth will serve as an introduction to a readable chapter in Mr. Henry Jones Ford's recent study ("a biographical study" he calls it on his title-page) of our present chief magistrate. "Intellectual narrowness," Mr. Ford affirms, "is his great aversion. I have heard him describe the class of scholars who dwarf themselves by confinement to one subject as 'ignorant specialists.'" Whatever concerns humanity interests this anti-specialist, it seems, "so that at one sitting at his table," con-

tinues the author, "one may hear talk of Kipling's latest poem, of Chesterton's most recent paradox, of football prospects, events in the religious world, the latest limerick, the political myths by which people are imposed upon as regards the nature of our Constitution, the trend of contemporaneous philosophy, personal anecdotes, and interspersed throughout a lot of apposite stories." As one happy consequence of the above-named Horatian quality (lively interest in all things human), "he seems to be little or not at all exposed to boredom, and arrives fresh and buoyant at the end of what to most people would be a wearying experience. So far from being tired of it all, he may rehearse its humorous phases with dramatic gusto when he gets back to the hearthstone." Something of Luther's universality of theme and of interest, as noted in the reformer's table-talk, would seem to characterize the table-talk of him who is here described.

. . .

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION, established by the late Niels Poulson in 1911, is doing excellent work in spreading the knowledge of North-European culture. A mutual understanding of national aims and ideals and educational methods is considered essential to friendly relations between nations, and so this organization is a promoter of peace as well as of other good things. Mr. Poulson, born in Denmark, came as a poor mechanic to this country, amassed a fortune, and devoted half a million of it to the cause here mentioned. Dr. Frederick Lyneh is President of the Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, and Dr. Henry Goddard Leach is Secretary. Associates now number more than four thousand; a bi-monthly magazine, "The American-Scandinavian Review," has been published by the society since January, 1913; two series of books, a set of translations from the Swedish classics, and one of monographs by Scandinavian scholars, are now in process of publication; and fellowships have been founded to enable Scandinavian students to take courses in our universities and technical schools, and American students to do the same in Scandinavian institutions of learning. As is explained by a writer in "The Independent," to whom acknowledgment is due for these facts, "the propaganda conducted by The American-Scandinavian Foundation in the United States is consistent at every point with loyal Americanism. Even when exhorting descendants of Scandinavians to keep alive in English dress their inherited traditions of art and literature, this Foundation is not encouraging the perpetuation of alien groups within our midst, but rather is aiding these children of Northern stock to assimilate and to support with their high idealism the principles of American liberty."

. . .

EX-PRESIDENT DWIGHT, who died May 26, in his eighty-eighth year, almost seventeen years after resigning that administrative control of Yale University in which the institution gained in material resources more than it had gained during all the previous century and three-quarters (and a decade) of its existence, came to his high office

eminently fitted for it by both inheritance and training. His grandfather, Timothy Dwight, had been president of Yale from 1795 to 1817, and both grandfather and grandson fulfilled the established tradition by passing from the pulpit to the presidential chair; that is, both wore the cloth without which, in the old times, no one could be considered an eligible candidate for the headship of the college founded especially for the education of future ministers of religion. The later Dwight is to be credited with raising Yale to the rank of a university, though he opposed with unyielding conservatism the modern elective system of undergraduate studies and also, as was to have been expected as well as desired, the increasing inroads of athletics upon the time and energies of the student body. Timothy Dwight, the second, was born at Norwich, Connecticut, Nov. 16, 1828; was educated at Yale, Bonn, Berlin, and at the Yale Divinity School; taught sacred literature and New Testament Greek in the latter school from 1858 to 1886, when he was chosen president of Yale, continuing in office until 1899. He was a member of the American committee for revising the English version of the Bible, and was the editor and annotator of various commentaries on parts of the Bible, also author of "Thoughts of and for the Inner Life" (a collection of sermons) and "Memories of Yale Life and Men."

...

WHAT SHAKESPEARE THINKS OF HIS PLAYS, if he be still in some state of being that renders him capable of thought, must have been the query of many and many a reader of those plays. A Japanese Shakespeare scholar has put into words what may be the present opinion held by the actor-playwright from Stratford concerning his work. "A Shakespeare Soliloquy," by Professor W. Asano, is printed in English in "The Far East" of April 22. "I feel ashamed in heart," the poet is represented as saying, "to think that there are many persons who talk of me in high terms, calling me a genius or even a second creator. It is clear to me that every work of mine is full of faults and drawbacks which I desire to correct. The first thing to explain is that I was a very busy person, to whom the luxury was not permitted of writing in a clean, quiet study, as you enjoy it, but on a contrary, irregularity was the rule with me, for I had to give up my work for the present, after writing in a hurry five or six lines in a noisy place behind the stage, or I ran the pen on twenty or thirty pages with an aching head after coming back drunken late at night from roystering. It was really beyond description how irregular it was." There is more in the same vein, illustrating the abashed sense of failure, or of something very like it, with which the really great artist must, oftener than not, survey the work of his hand, overcome with dismay at the inferiority of his accomplishment to his ideal. Shakespeare might not be moved to express himself in an idiom savoring of Tokyo rather than of London, but in substance he might well have such thoughts as are ascribed to him by this Japanese writer.

AN EVENING CONTINUATION SCHOOL, though not under that name, is conducted by every public library that keeps its reading-room open after the customary hours of daily work. Especially may the young people's room be regarded as such a school, giving to the boy and girl whose formal schooling has ended early a chance to keep alive the intellectual curiosity aroused in the classroom. The librarian at Manchester, N. H., reports on the results of opening, three evenings in the week, the lately established department for young readers in that city, saying that it has been difficult to maintain the service with the present staff, and adding: "We believe it desirable to have the room open every evening from six to nine. There are a good many boys and girls who leave school and go to work as soon as the law allows. In most cases such young people are not sufficiently developed mentally to find suitable reading in the adult department. They constitute a class which greatly needs to continue its education. The city has thought it worth while for the good of society to educate these children thus far. It is just as truly for the economic good of society that their education should be continued in order that they may become intelligent and enlightened citizens. This is the function of the library. The public library is a continuation school and a recreation field in one, and these young people should be attracted to the library and directed in recreative and helpful reading in such a way as to influence their lives and make them better citizens." In all this there may be some inevitable admixture of platitude, but the platitude has its uses no less than the paradox.

...

A MUCH-QUOTED JUVENILE CLASSIC was the other day cleverly drawn upon to point his moral by President Wilson in a speech at the National Press Club. Emphasizing the necessity of rapid forward motion on the part of all who would not be left behind as hopelessly unprogressive, he said: "You will remember the Red Queen in 'Alice in Wonderland' or 'Alice through the Looking-Glass'—I forget which, it has been so long since I read them—who takes Alice by the hand and they rush along at a great pace, and when they stop Alice looks around and says: 'But we are just where we were when we started.' 'Yes,' says the Red Queen, 'you have to run twice as fast as that to get anywhere else.'" Remarkably near to the words of the original does the speaker here come in his impromptu quotation; but for the benefit of those who, like him, are a little rusty in their Alice books, but who are in the habit of quoting snatches from their entrancing pages, it may be well to point out that the queens and the kings who figure in Lewis Carroll's whimsical narrative are, in one book, characters from our familiar playing-cards, and, in the other, personages from the noble game of chess. It is "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" that has the card characters, while "Through the Looking-Glass" is diversified with the chess pieces. The Red Queen is, obviously, a chess character, and so belongs in the looking-glass story; the corresponding royal personage in the other tale is the Queen of Hearts. This is manifestly very

important to remember; for to be caught mixing up these two royalties would be hardly less humiliating than, for example, to assign Hecuba to the "Odyssey" and Penelope to the "Iliad," or to make Sarah the wife of Elkanah and Hannah the wife of Abraham.

. . .

UNIONIZED AUTHORSHIP certainly has at first a rather queer sound. To think of the enamoured architect of airy rhyme as belonging to Local No. so-and-so of the Federated Quill-drivers of America gives one a sort of shock. Apostles of literature and art, ministers of religion, benefactors who give their lives to philanthropy—all these we like to picture to ourselves as raised far above such sordid considerations as must of necessity influence to some extent those who band themselves together in a trades-union. And so when we hear of the steps recently taken by the Council of the Authors' League of America toward affiliating that body with the American Federation of Labor, we are not exactly displeased to note, in the list of those writers favoring the move, blank spaces for certain of our best-loved living American authors. Possibly their failure to participate in these momentous proceedings was due to nothing but a missed train, or a mislaid umbrella, or a fit of indigestion, or a previous engagement to play auction bridge, or a too great absorption in a current novel; but we are not averse to imagining otherwise. Some comfort we derive, too, from the announcement that it is not so much the poets and the philosophers who demand trades-union protection of their rights as laborers for hire, as it is the makers of plays for the moving-picture producers. It is possible, in fact highly probable, that the best of what is being thought and said and written in this world of ours will still escape the withering blight of commercialism.

. . .

THE USEFUL ART OF "CUMULATION," carried so nearly to perfection by the publishers of the useful "Cumulative Index," indispensable to research workers in periodical literature, is also turned to good account in other quarters. A late illustration of its value is furnished by the public library of Cleveland in its cumulated annual edition of "The Open Shelf," wherein the successive monthly issues of that publication have been combined in a classified and alphabetically arranged list of accessions to the library for the year 1915. An author-and-title index is appended. As the compiler points out, "nearly every title listed is followed by a note giving considerable information in the briefest possible space. These notes are intended to do any or all of the following things: To describe the scope and contents of the book, to mention its distinctive points of merit and less often its shortcomings, and to compare it with other books on the same subject. Many of the critical judgments in the notes are quoted from authorities like the *Dial*, *Nation*, *Athenaeum*, etc.; unaccredited verdicts are usually those of Cleveland Public Library staff readers."

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE NEGRO IN LITERATURE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The interesting article in your issue of May 11 on "The Negro in American Fiction" impels me to offer some comments on the negro in literature. I agree with Mr. Brawley that the possibilities of the negro as literary material have by no means been exhausted, though I think the American people have botched the question of what to do with him considerably less in their books than in actual life. In general, we may say that the negro as a comic character has been adequately presented. Enough has been made of him, too, as a sentimental character; indeed, it has often been asserted that the sentimentality and pathos of the negro shown in Foster's songs and similar works distort and falsify his nature. The question then arises whether the negro as a tragic character has been sufficiently regarded. I think he has not. The theme has not been neglected (witness, for example, the somewhat melodramatic but sincere and impressive story "The Mulatto," by Mr. Don Marquis, in the April "Harper's"), but it has not been presented with anything approaching finality. The negro in comic or sentimental aspects rollicks or sniffles through countless pages; the negro in his tragic aspects has been portrayed rarely, and then in half-hearted or else exaggerated ways.

At this juncture we are confronted with the question whether the negro is suited to tragedy. The question is perhaps debatable. At the outset let me confess that, like nearly everyone who writes about the race problem, I personally know little about negroes. Though I have lived in the South almost all my life, I did not have any intimate contact with negroes during those formative years when one's powers of observation are so keen and so active. Hence my ideas are to be discounted, like those of anyone else who proceeds mainly upon theory. I have talked over the very question we are here discussing with Southern college men whose opportunities to know have been better than mine, and I am fain to acknowledge that they do not think as I do. The negro, most of them say, is light-hearted, irresponsible, careless; he lives in the present, like a child or a beast; he does not aim high or persist; he is fond of big words and gay colors; he wants to strut, to display himself, rather than to be; and therefore, seen against the background (or the foreground, if you will) of a civilization which he apes with fantastic imitation, he is a subject for comedy, not for tragedy. While I have no conscious prejudice against the negro, I am forced to admit that there is much to justify such a view. In my opinion, however, it makes too much of shortcomings and not enough of merits. But whether it is sound or unsound, it is not conclusive in regard to our question; for if we cut deeply we shall see that it takes into consideration only the average negro, whereas the average man of whatsoever color does not lend himself readily to tragedy. The tragic hero has been through the ages a person of exalted qualities and usually of

world eminence. To be sure, we are paying more attention nowadays to exalted qualities in everyday humanity, but we shall probably never make it our custom to cull tragic heroes from the ranks. We turn instinctively to the exceptional man. Now surely among people of dark skins there are exceptional beings of both sexes whose positions are tremendously tragic. Think of the negro of good education, artistic sensibilities, or high social purpose who never gets away from his origin, who meets galling rebuffs from the whites in all sections of the country, and is scorned or suspected by his own people! Possibility enough for tragedy there! Booker Washington without his poise and persistent optimism would have been the protagonist of a tragedy unspeakable. There must be thousands like him except that they do not possess his saving qualities for temperament. Is it not a mere question of time until a tragedy thus inherent and inevitable shall find expression through someone with insight to read it truly and with genius to set it forth artistically?

So much for the question as to what may be done with the negro in literature. What shall we say on the question as to what the negro, in literature, may do for himself? The idea has grown upon me that some day the colored race will produce a great lyric poet. Negroes are assuredly emotional, possibly the most emotional people the world has known. Moreover, they have an elemental freshness in their point of view and in their feeling for words; they have an extraordinary knack for brushing refinements aside, thrusting to the heart of the matter, and crystallizing its essence in picturesque language. These are the qualities that make lyric poetry. Cultivation and conscious skill may add something, sophistication nothing. Already lyric poets of negro birth have been near enough to the heart of their race to sing broken snatches of the music that is resident there. May we not hope they are only an earnest of the inspired singer who is yet to come? The time of his appearance among us, it would be hazardous to prophesy. Possibly he will be in our midst to-morrow; possibly not until centuries have passed. We can afford to be patient. Scotland waited long for her Burns.

GARLAND GREEVER.

Lexington, Va., May 29, 1916.

HOMER IN ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

No modern language, I believe, has to its credit—or discredit—as many translations of the Homeric poems as ours: at the mere mention of the "Iliad," the names of Chapman and Pope, of Cowper and Bryant, will immediately occur to all lovers of the classics. It would be too much to say that the work of these and other men has been an utter failure; yet it can hardly be denied that none of these versions, despite great individual merits, has succeeded in winning anything like general acceptance from the English-speaking world. The reasons for this deplorable fact are plainly set down in Matthew Arnold's famous lectures "On Translating Homer"; they are not the same for

any two of the works mentioned, but there is one criticism which applies to them all: the translator's choice of metre—and a number have been tried—was such as to preclude him from achieving the right Homeric flavor. Having clearly exposed the inevitable shortcomings of nearly every other verse-form, Arnold then proceeds, with what seems to me admirable force and effectiveness, to state the obvious arguments in favor of the hexameter as the desirable medium for rendering Homer.

The question naturally arises why no one has as yet attempted a hexameter translation in all the years that have elapsed since Chapman's day. I believe there are two principal reasons.

In the first place, modern English is unquestionably a very refractory language for the composition of dactylic verse (it is significant that Tennyson and Swinburne, who tried everything else, never attempted it) because the vast body of the poetical vocabulary of our speech is monosyllabic or at best disyllabic, and because far more than half of our verse is iambic in movement, that is, begins with unstressed syllables. From these circumstances it follows that we must lay down certain simple rules for the English hexameter, which my own experience leads me to formulate as follows:

1. Each verse must begin with a strong accent. This rule is repeatedly violated by Arnold, thus: Between that and the ships, the Trojans' numerous fires.

2. Each verse must read itself, its rhythmic flow dare not be ambiguous, or we are reduced to rhythmic prose:

And yet not that grief, which then will be, of the Trojans.

3. Homer uses a spondaic fifth foot in about four lines to the hundred; in view of the difficulty of producing anything like a genuine spondee in English, we shall do well to limit that number still more, and to put only our best spondees in that foot. Failure to observe this rule is the chief fault of Dr. Rouse, whose verse in the main represents a distinct advance over Arnold:

So he rejoicing goes in the light of a larger wisdom.

4. Similarly, the English verse cannot digest more than two successive spondees, hence the bad effect of

For than man, indeed, there breathes no wretched creature.

It would perhaps not be surprising if Arnold's own verses, halting and unmelodious as they are, had discouraged those to whom his theoretical arguments seemed to be well taken.

But there is another and more important reason why the hexameter has so far not been attempted on any large scale: it is the frequently iterated dictum that the hexameter in English does not even suggest the classic rhythm except to the classically trained, and these it offends. The same argument, let me remark in passing, would logically lead to the rejection of any modern metre for the translation of any classical one: for the English trochee is not a Greek trochee, and so on down the list. But I believe that the differences between

the classical and the modern metres have been very greatly exaggerated. There is a steadily growing body of evidence to support the theory, which has been advanced in some quarters, that the Homeric verses were not read, in our modern sense, but sung. Dr. Rouse alludes to the recitation of the Vedic hymns, which like Greek have both quantity and musical accent; this recitation has been handed down by immemorial tradition, and he says, "It is a sort of intoned recitative, most impressive and agreeable to the sensitive ear." If this is comparable to the delivery of the Homeric verses, it follows that when we contrast the movement of a modern with that of a Greek hexameter, we are simply proving the inequality of a spoken verse and a chanted one.

But it would be fruitless to dwell on this somewhat contentious matter, since for my feeling the point is not at all whether an English hexameter is the equivalent of a Greek one. It represents in any case, rhythmically considered, the closest approximation to it of which our speech is capable, and it seems to me that there are only two questions which we need to ask about it: first, is the dactylic hexameter *a priori* adequate for the rendering of Homer; and second, is it in practice capable of producing satisfactory English verse? For we must always be mindful of Coleridge's first rule for a translator: "Thou shalt not turn a good poem into a bad one."

Now, there is much bad hexameter verse in English, and I confess that I had grave doubts as to the capacities of our language in that direction, especially in view of Arnold's unsatisfactory verses, until a friend called my attention to Kingsley's "Andromeda," a truly beautiful epic poem which seems to me to banish all doubt of the *possibility* of creating admirable English hexameters. With regard to theoretical adequacy of the hexameter as a medium for translating Homer, I am content to cite Arnold's masterly discussion of that question, which he answers with an emphatic affirmative.

But poetry is in one respect like pudding: if the proof of the one is in the eating, the proof of the other is in the reading of it; and I am so bold as to append here three short passages from the first book of the "Iliad," which I have recently done into hexameters.

- 148 Darkling eyed him Achilles, the fleet of foot,
and retorted,
"Woe, thou king that art clothed in insolence,
crafty of counsel,
How may a man of the Danaans heartily hark
to thy bidding,
Whether to go on a foray, or to fight with the
foe in the forefront?
Not for revenge on the Trojan spearman
journeyed I hither,
Ready to fight, for they have not wronged me;
neither my cattle
Drove they away, nor my horses, nor ever have
harried my harvest
Yonder in rich-soiled Phthia, the land that nour-
ishes heroes,
Seeing there lieth much distance between, here
shadowy mountains,

There the resounding sea: nay, thee we fol-
lowed, O shameless,
Tnee, thou dog-face, hither to make thee glad
by obtaining
Quittance for thee at the Trojans' hands, and
for thy Menelaus.

- 458 Now having prayed and sprinkled the barley,
they went to the victims,
Drew up their heads and slaughtered and flayed
them, and took each thigh-piece,
Folded it double with fat, and laid raw collops
upon it.
Fagots consumed the flesh, and of gleaming
wine a libation
Made the old man; and five-tined forks held
the young men beside him.
Now when the thighs had been burnt, and when
they had tasted the vitals,
All the remainder they sliced and spitted and
carefully roasted,
Drawing it then from the fire. And when they
had rest from their labors,
Having prepared the repast, they feasted; the
banquet was goodly,
Nor was their pleasure stinted. But when their
desire was accomplished,
Sated with eating and drinking, the young men
poured to o'erflowing
Wine in the bowls, whence they filled all the
cups for libation and feasting.
Thus through the livelong day they worshipped
the god with their music,
Hymning the praise of Apollo: his heart was
rejoiced as he heard it.

- 586 "Courage, mother of mine, and endure, howso-
e'er thou art angered,
Lest I behold thee, dear as thou art, undergoing
chastisement
Under my very eyes; nor then, for all of my
sorrow,
Shall I be able to save thee: for Zeus is not
good to encounter.
Yea, one day heretofore, when I fain would have
saved thee, he caught me
Fast by the foot and flung me afar from the
heavenly threshold;
All day long did I fly, and at sunset I fell upon
Lemnos
Barely alive, and the Sintians forthwith nursed
me, the fallen."
Thus he spake, and the ox-eyed goddess, the
white-armed Hera,
Smiled and accepted the cup from the hand of
Hephaestus. And ladling
Nectar sweet from the bowl, from the right to
the left did he serve them,
Filling the cups; and the blest gods shook with
unquenchable laughter,
Seeing the limping Hephaestus puff through the
halls of the palace.
Thus through the livelong day did they feast
till the sun was descending,
Nor were they stinted in heart as to joy of
the bountiful banquet,
Nor of the lovely lyre in the fingers of Phoebus
Apollo,
Nor of the Muses, singing in turn with their
beauteous voices.

It is my wish to complete a hexameter trans-
lation of the entire "Iliad" and "Odyssey." How-
ever, I should not proceed with this arduous task

if I knew that some other scholar were engaged on a like undertaking. I should be grateful if such information might be forwarded to me at the address given below.

BAYARD QUINCY MORGAN.

1710 Adams St., Madison, Wis.,
June 1, 1916.

NEW "OLD" POETRY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The old order changeth. It always has, and probably always will. But no word that even approaches the authority of this declares change to be always for the better or for the good. Just now, in poetry, the old order appears to be changing,—or, as many a soul dedicated to *vers libre* affirms, has already changed. If the change shall prove good remains to be seen. The sole judge is Time. One thing, however, is certain. A wise man never accepts affirmation for proof; least of all when the delicate truths of art are hanging in the balance. Those truths are too sacred, as well as too delicate.

Poetry, like every other form of art, and like the memory of man upon the earth, is chiefly mortal; but now and then it is eternal,—at least it is so, under time, as Sir Thomas Browne says. Year on year sees reams of poetry die; but centuries own to the ever-deepening life of such as Milton's "Avènge, O Lord! thy slaughtered Saints."

Why is this so? Attempts to answer the question form no small part of the whole stock in trade of the teaching profession. Then heaven forbid—and it does—that the question be answered! Again, the efforts to separate at birth the sheep of poetry from the goats is the breath in critic nostrils,—another occupation, or profession, capable of noble practice, though often followed ignobly. But how about those who neither criticize nor teach,—those to whom poetry is truly "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge,"—those to whom "it is indeed something divine"? They, too, must have their place in the sun of genius, even though the teaching of genius, the emanations of which are beauty, be unknown to them, and the vivisection of beauty be blasphemy,—those happy creatures who love poetry but have never heard a lecture on it.

Because I believe in the utter truth of Dante's observation that the more there are to share a good the more of that good there is,—for this reason I am eager to have printed, where many will see it, on this side of the Atlantic, a poem by Lord Crewe, whose son-in-law, Captain the Hon. A. E. B. O'Neill, M. P., was killed in action in November, 1914. The poem appeared in "The Harrovian," the Harrow School magazine, and was reprinted in the weekly edition of the London "Times" in March, 1915. It will comfort all those who, by nature and custom, are averse to what is called "new" poetry. It will reassure those whose lot is still more unhappy because they weep the present as an age without poetry. To all those who consciously or unconsciously accept Shelley's definition of poetry as being that which "makes immortal all that is best and most

beautiful in the world," this poem will come as a welcome boon. It is war poetry; it is the poetry of faith. In form it is both old and beautiful; in tissue, fresh as dawn; in wisdom, profound; in humanity, exalted. It proclaims the perfect freedom of the artist, the teller of truth in guise of beauty, who sets and keeps bounds. It speaks (and herein lies its poetic value) for those to whom reality has been both dear and sad, and no less for the many who have the heart to sympathize with, and the soul to imagine, such reality, though fortune has spared them the experience.

Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge
He rests, unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn—
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope; some service to the State;
Benignant age: then the long tryst to keep
Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distill
From life's alembic, through this holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will?
We ask; and wait.

ALFRED M. BROOKS.

Indiana University, May 30, 1916.

SHAKESPEARE IN JAPAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The international sympathy and cosmopolitan spirit of the Japanese are well evidenced in education and literature. The Fifth Article of the late Emperor's "Charter Oath," taken in 1869, read as follows: "Wisdom and ability should be sought after in all quarters of the world for the purpose of firmly establishing the foundation of the Empire." And ever since that time the Japanese have been earnestly seeking for wisdom and ability, and have assimilated foreign learning and literature into the Japanese spirit.

It is therefore no wonder that the Japanese desired to take an active part in the celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary. The original plans for such a celebration could not be carried out in their entirety, because it was impossible to secure the Imperial Theatre at the proper time. But the authorities of Waseda University, under the leadership of Dr. Tsubouchi, the greatest Shakespearean scholar in Japan, were able to carry out, on a somewhat smaller scale, a celebration which reflected great honor upon Japanese interest in Shakespeare and their ability to represent him to their people.

There is scarcely space to go into the details of the celebration at Waseda on April 22 and 23; but the following were the principal features of the programme. There was an exhibition of Shakespeareana, consisting of books, pictures, and other mementoes. There were lectures on Shakespeare's writings, and memorial services, followed by a memorial dinner. On the evening of April 22, a

few scenes from "Julius Cæsar" were presented in Japanese; and on the following evening scenes from both "Julius Cæsar" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" were presented in English.

I cannot refrain from mentioning one incident of the celebration, although it may not seem exactly in harmony with the dignity of the occasion. A Japanese friend of mine has a neighbor who is afflicted with deafness and a tendency to conviviality. On the morning of April 23 this man gathered a few friends in his house and loudly informed them that the day was a Shakespeare anniversary, and that, as Shakespeare was a very famous man, it was right to drink much *sake* in his honor! Then they celebrated in true Falstaffian style. This incident at least shows the intensity of the Japanese admiration of Shakespeare.

I must not omit to add that the current magazines are properly celebrating the anniversary, either by scattering articles on Shakespeare through several numbers or by getting out special Shakespeare numbers. Even the moving picture shows must fall into line, and are presenting "Hamlet" as interpreted by Sir Forbes Robertson. And the English and Americans in Tokyo and Yokohama, not to be outdone by the Japanese, are now engaged in practicing for a presentation of "A Winter Tale," to be given on May 29, 30, and 31, at the Imperial Theatre, Tokyo, by the Amateur Dramatic Club.

Some notes dealing with the question as to how Shakespeare came to Japan may be added here. According to one version, the original story of "The Merchant of Venice" came from India, via Persia, or Egypt, or Turkey, to China, and thence to Japan. Anyhow, Chikamatsu, "the Japanese Shakespeare" (1653-1724), has a play based on a biography of Shaka, or Buddha, and in that play he introduces an incident resembling the pound of flesh incident. But Chikamatsu's version of such a complication is much weaker than Shakespeare's; especially it lacks the interesting legal features.

It is reported that "Romeo and Juliet" was presented in 1810 at one of the oldest theatres in Tokyo; but it is not definitely known from where the Japanese playwright got the original. It is, however, conjectured, not unnaturally, that he took the plot from Dutch translations. In the Japanese version, Romeo becomes "Tsunagoro," and Juliet becomes "Fusa."

In the beginning of the Meiji Era, English literature began to be rather freely translated into Japanese. The first of Shakespeare's plays thus translated seems to have been "Julius Cæsar." Moreover, the first translation of "The Merchant of Venice" was made, not directly from the original, but from Lamb's "Tales." It is only in comparatively recent times that Shakespeare has been "seriously translated," by Dr. Tsubouchi and others. It is interesting to note that Shakespeare's plays are so popular here that once the proprietor of the theatre known as "Hongoza" was able to "unburden the theatre from heavy debt with the profits derived from the successful presentation

of 'Hamlet' by the late Otojiro Kawakami, a leading actor of the new school." I may add that Dr. Tsubouchi has translated, in all, ten of Shakespeare's plays.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, Japan, May 6, 1916.

"SHAKSPERE" VS. "SHAKESPEARE" AGAIN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Dr. Tannenbaum, in your issue of May 11, attempts to confound the Baconians by his elaborate letter intended to show that the various modes of spelling the name of the Stratford actor, and of the pseudonym of the author of the plays and poems, were all variants of the patronymic of one man. Methinks the gentleman doth protest too much!

It is of course generally known that spelling in those days was not marked by its modern uniformity. If it had been, the interesting question now being discussed could not have been raised. All available records of the time have been searched by Dr. Tannenbaum to discover anyone with a similar form of name to the actor's, and he thinks he shows that the Baconians are wrong. But the evidence is too extensive to be useful. The enquiry should be confined to the spelling of the actor's name in records that have no connection with the plays, on the one hand, and to the spelling of the name on the title-pages of the early editions of the plays and poems, on the other hand. The reason for this limitation is clear to any unprejudiced person, because in places where the two individuals are sought to be identified, as in the preliminary matter attached to the first folio, there we naturally find the actor's name corresponding with the author's pseudonym.

The general result of the enquiry so limited goes to show that the spelling of the actor's name was "Shakspere"—the *a* being short as in "Jack," and the middle *s* forming part of the first syllable, as is proved by the alternative "Shaxpere." And further, that the spelling of the author's pseudonym was "Shakespeare"—the first *a* being long as in "take," and the middle *s* being part of the second syllable, as is proved by the alternative "Shake-speare."

This general distinction is clearly illustrated at the present time in the show-cases in the Boston Public Library, where may be seen photographic copies of the baptismal and burial entries in the Stratford parish registers, as well as the title-pages of several of the early quartos and of the folio editions of the plays. It is fair to add that a photographic copy of the mortgage of the Blackfriars property has the name spelled both ways, this being one of the partial exceptions to the general rule. This deed is very interesting as furnishing evidence that the man of Stratford was unable to write, his name being appended by a law clerk in law script, whereas the other parties sign in ordinary italic handwriting.

In concluding, it may be remarked that by referring to "the poet" Dr. Tannenbaum quietly assumes the point he endeavors vainly to prove.

E. BASIL LUPTON.

Cambridge, Mass., June 1, 1916.

The New Books.

SHAKESPEARE POTPOURRI.*

The last ten years have almost completely revolutionized our conceptions of Shakespeare, his relations to his associates, the conditions under which he worked, and the stage for which he wrote. It is with no little satisfaction that we point out that this is almost wholly the result of American scholarship. Those who have chiefly contributed to bring this about are, first and foremost, Professor Wallace and his wife; then come G. F. Reynolds, V. Albright, and F. S. Graves. Among foreigners we mention only W. J. Lawrence and T. Murray; two others are very commonly spoken of as pathfinders in Shakespeare exploration, but as they came not by their materials handsomely we do not name them. Owing to these important additions to our knowledge, and to the advent of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death, Sir Sidney Lee has brought out a new edition of his "Life of William Shakespeare," revised, enlarged, and almost wholly rewritten. Whereas the first edition of his book, in 1898, (an expansion of his sketch in the "Dictionary of National Biography"), contained only 461 pages, divided into twenty-one chapters and ten appendices, the present issue contains 713 pages, divided into twenty-seven chapters and ten appendices. In addition to this, there is an exceedingly elaborate and valuable Index of forty-four double-columned pages, in all of which we have noted but few errors or omissions. It is a bit of false modesty — or carelessness — on Sir Sidney's part that the Index contains not a single reference to himself, although in the book itself he refers to almost every scrap of his writings. A very commendable feature of this new "Life" is the abundance and scrupulous exactness with which references are given to the writings of others, especially Americans whom the author had slighted in former editions. The book is a good specimen of the printer's art; and the proof-reader, too, has done his work remarkably well. That a volume of this size should contain less than a dozen misprints is a phenomenon deserving special mention. We are also pleased to note that Sir Sidney has reformed, even if only indifferently, his habit of saying "doubtless" when speaking of matters wholly conjectural, — an indication, we hope, that some day he may learn to realize the usefulness of such words as "possibly,"

"probably," and "perhaps" (important words when dealing with Shakespeare), to say "seems" for "would seem," and to place the word "only" where it belongs.

This book calls for a very critical examination because of the author's reputation for scholarship, the tone of finality with which he speaks, the authority with which he "imposes" (as the Germans say) on those who have not investigated the facts of Shakespeare's life for themselves, and the incalculable mischief that errors in such a book may work. The truth is that we do not yet know enough about Shakespeare positively; that we still have to piece out with guesswork and conjecture the few scattered fragments that have escaped time's devastating influences; and that we have to resort to a deal of padding to make a plausible "Life" which is to sell for two dollars. To reconstruct Shakespeare for us, his biographer must be not only a competent compiler of other men's work and a scholar, but must be richly endowed with the biographic imagination and a fine psychologic insight. Sir Sidney's book gives abundant evidence of the first two qualities, but not a trace of the second. In his work the general reader and teacher will find nearly all the known facts, traditions, and guesses pertaining to Shakespeare's parentage, education, marriage, training, work, financial transactions, property, sources, theatrical conditions, retirement, death, will, descendants, signatures, portraits, etc. There are excellent chapters on the Baconian heresy, the growth of Shakespeare's fame at home and abroad, the Quartos and Folios, his editors, etc. We miss, however, an account of the Shakespeare apocrypha, the numerous anti-Williamian obsessions, an account of the Northumberland and Promus manuscripts, a transcript of the poet's will and other important documents. Almost a fourth of the book is devoted to the discussion of the Sonnets — the only department of Shakespeare study to which Sir Sidney may be said to have contributed anything original; but we must not withhold from him the credit of having discovered that the sculptor of Shakespeare's tomb was Garret Janssen, the son, not Gheeraert Janssen, the father; that John Combe was not the owner of "The College House"; and that this same John ("Shakespeare's especial friend") was "a confirmed bachelor," — unless we also accord him the distinction of having discovered that Shakespeare must have known that the American Indians kept the fish-dams of the Virginians in good order.

Sir Sidney devotes too much space to the marshalling of hordes of facts, facts, facts,

*A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Sir Sidney Lee. New edition, rewritten and enlarged. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

which are not only uninteresting in themselves but which contribute absolutely nothing to our understanding or appreciation of Shakespeare. According to this method, there is absolutely no limit to the size a Shakespeare biography may reach. In subsequent editions we may be regaled with chapters on the lives of each witness to Shakespeare's will, his attorneys, his theatrical associates, his neighbors, etc., etc. The author's guiding principle seems to have been to include every fact that can in any way be brought into association with the poet. The result is a maze of shreds and patches without any sense of unity. It would be much nearer the truth to call this volume a dictionary or manual of Shakespeareana than "A Life of William Shakespeare."

Shakespeare scholarship is not advanced a jot by any such false, misleading, or ill-founded assertions as that William left Stratford "in the later months of 1585," especially when we are subsequently told—with as little reason also—that his departure was "doubtless [!] in the early summer of 1586"; that John left Snitterfield "about 1552"; that the bulk of John's stock-in-trade came from Snitterfield; that he was a keen man of business and that he married Mary Arden because she had a handsome dowry (according to Sir Sidney the Shakespeares all lived for money); that he had a "ready command of figures" and that this "relieves him of the imputation of illiteracy"; that John's marriage "doubtless" took place at Aston Cantlow; that parents "invariably" played foremost parts in the betrothal of their children; that William had no means of livelihood at the time of his marriage; that he received aid and encouragement from Richard Field; that Shakespeare "doubtless knew Florio first as Southampton's protégé"; that in Sonnet 107 reference is made to Queen Elizabeth's death; that there is "no difficulty" in detecting the lineaments of the Earl of Southampton in those of the youth of the Sonnets (this from the man who was once a Pembrokeist is good); that Barnes satisfies "all the conditions" of the problems of the identity of the rival poet (except, we may note, that no sane poet could ever have spoken of "the proud full sail of his great verse"); that the Sonnets were put together at haphazard; that John's negotiations for heraldic distinction in 1568 "were certainly abortive"; that John's "customary role" in the Stratford Court of Record was that of defendant (had Sir Sidney read Halliwell-Phillipps's "Outlines" more carefully he would have known that John was plaintiff

as often as defendant); that William inherited from his father his litigious tendency (Sir Sidney has peculiar notions about heredity); that "The Tempest" was the last play that Shakespeare completed (perhaps it was "The Winter's Tale"); that only two of Shakespeare's works were published with his sanction and coöperation; that no play of his reached the printer in his own handwriting (there is positive evidence to the contrary); that Heminge and Condell lied when they asserted they had access to their friend's manuscripts; that theatrical managers sometimes bought off piratical publishers (an "absurd notion" Miss Albright calls this); that at Shakespeare's death "no mark of honor was denied his name" (an assertion that has no foundation in recorded fact); that the poet "uncomplainingly submitted to the wholesale piracy of his plays and the ascription to him of books by other hands" (this is flatly contradicted by Heywood; cf. Lee, p. 269); that the 1599 negotiations with the College were crowned with success (an assertion wholly at variance with all known facts or logical inference); that the heralds proposed to assign to the Shakespeares the arms of a family living at Alvanley to which they were not related; that the red-nosed Bardolph in "Henry V" is a satire on "Sir William Phillip, Lord Bardolph" (there were Bardolphs enow in Stratford if the dramatist needed a living model); that the "treble sceptres" in "Macbeth" relate to the union of England, Scotland, and Ireland (the allusion is unquestionably to England, Ireland, and France); that Prospero's enchanted island was one of the Bermudas (Shakespeare himself tells us it was not); that Shakespeare's name occurs sixty-six times in the Stratford Council books; that Camden was mainly responsible for the grant of arms to Shakespeare (it was certainly Dethick); and so forth. It would be impossible to enumerate here all of Sir Sidney's unwarranted assertions of fact and ill-considered inferences, and to disprove them would require several volumes the size of his. But we cannot let the opportunity go by to correct some of the most grievous errors current about Shakespeare, for some of which Sir Sidney is responsible.

Discussing Shakespeare's handwriting and autographs, Sir Sidney makes several statements that are not in accord with the known facts. We are told (p. 519) that the poet, as a result of his provincial education, never troubled to learn the fashionable Italian script but adhered throughout his life exclusively to the old English or Gothic script. But, as

a matter of fact, Shakespeare's six signatures, the only admitted evidence on the subject, are written in a mixed Italian and Gothic—a characteristic of the handwriting of some of the best educated men of his day, for example: Raleigh, Drake, Cecil, Spenser, Bacon, Jonson, etc. Sir Sidney boldly asserts (p. 520) that "it is certain [!] that [William] wrote [his surname] indifferently *Shaksper*, *Shakespere*, *Shakespear* or *Shakspeare*." My knowledge of Elizabethan script, based on fifteen years' study of the subject, enables me to say that Shakespeare's extant autographs are either written "Shaksper" (mortgage and deed), "Shaksper" (testament and Florio's "Montaigne"), and "Shaksp'r" (deposition). The abbreviated signature on the title-page of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," the property of the Bodleian Library, Sir Sidney reads "Sh"; although it is unquestionably "Sh"; and he is inclined to regard it as a genuine autograph—on the authority of Leo and Macray—although a careful scientific examination would surely have convinced him that it is an impudent forgery. The Montaigne signature is rejected as spurious, although it has a much better claim to be regarded genuine than the Ovid. Sir Sidney's facsimile of the mortgage signature is spoiled by the heavy shadow across the upper part of the parchment strip, and the Wallace signature is defective in lacking the insignificant little blot under the *S* which sceptics pretend to consider as Shakespeare's "mark." Impartial students ought to be permitted to judge for themselves as to this. Baconians are sure to discover a motive in the omission of the blot. Graphologists will be amused to read (p. 647) that in the opinion of Sir Sidney the rascally young Ireland "had acquired much skill in copying Shakespeare's genuine signature." Anything more clumsy than Ireland's fabrications cannot be imagined. Sir Sidney has probably never laid eyes on any of these forgeries. That our author is in the habit of quoting from documents that he has not consulted is certain. Thus, speaking of the second 1596 heraldic draft, he says that it differs from the first in only two alterations (although it differs from it in many respects, especially in the important matter of the description of the coat-of-arms), and that the last one of the memoranda at the bottom of this document reads: "That he mar[r]ied a daughter and heyre of Arden, a gent. of worship]." An examination of the draft—a transcript of which ought to be given—shows that the clerk never got beyond "That he mar" and that the bracketed words—which Sir Sidney says are an interlineation—

existed only in the imagination of the writer from whom Sir Sidney copied. While we are on this subject of handwriting we may refer to Sir Sidney's repeated assertions that Mr. Ernest Law has "completely vindicated" the genuineness of certain suspected entries in the Master of the Revels's Account Books for 1604-5 and 1611-12. Mr. Law has, as a matter of fact, done no more than to re-open the subject and to show the necessity for a genuinely scientific investigation of these play-lists by an allowed handwriting expert. We strongly suspect that George Steevens had something to do with them.

The characters of John and William Shakespeare suffer past thinking on at the hands of Sir Sidney. No matter how shadowy an item he may be discussing, he always manages to give it an ugly interpretation. No wonder the Baconians and the pious New Englanders—whose achievements always harmonize with their morals and characters!—cannot marry the man to his verse. Lee finds that in 1601 Mrs. Anne Shakespeare was indebted to Thomas Whittington, her father's ex-shepherd, in the sum of forty shillings, and he at once jumps to the conclusion that up to 1595 (why 1595?) William did not provide for his family, (hoarded all his income for the purchase of a coat-of-arms), so that his wife had to "borrow" money of a shepherd that she and her children might live; and what makes matters worse is that up to 1601 the parsimonious and money-grubbing hack had not paid his wife's debt. A little legal training or a course in logic would do Sir Sidney yeoman service. Is it not possible that Mistress Anne gave her father's shepherd employment on her husband's estate, and that the forty shillings (the equivalent of about \$35.00 today) were unpaid wages? Or, as Mr. Fraser suggests, that Thomas had put this money "in the hand of Anne Shaxspere wyffe unto Mr. Wyllyam Shaxspere" for safe-keeping? "Deliver all with charity," says Katherine; and a biographer of Shakespeare might be expected to heed her. Sir Sidney errs (p. 26) in his statement that Whittington's will is dated "1602."

According to Sir Sidney, Anne Hathaway's friends forced William to marry her, without the knowledge and consent of his parents, because they feared he might seek to evade the obligation incumbent upon him in consequence of his illicit relations with her. But there is absolutely nothing in the known facts to exclude the theory that William loved Anne; that, for social reasons and perhaps because of the disparity in their ages, his parents objected to the match; that the lovers

had been formally betrothed several months before the marriage; and that they solicited the aid of the bride's friends to unite them in wedlock. Sir Sidney meets this theory with the wholly invalid objections that a formal betrothal of this sort required the consent of the parents of both parties, and that Shakespeare's references to betrothal deny the betrothed the right of cohabitation. Sir Sidney errs in both these points. As to the former, he is flatly contradicted, on unquestionable evidence, by Halliwell-Phillipps, and as to the second by no less an authority than Shakespeare himself ("Measure for Measure," V. I, 425; "The Winter's Tale," I. 2, 278; and especially "Cymbeline," II. 5, 9). Posthumus and Imogen were troth-plight without the knowledge and consent of Imogen's parents, and he complains that she "restrained" him of his "lawful pleasure." To what desperate lengths Sir Sidney will go to make a point is evidenced (p. 30n) by the forced and coarse interpretation of Rosalind's words in "As You Like It," III. 2, 233.

In some respects our author is childishly amusing, as, for instance, in his determination not to acknowledge that Professor Wallace has unquestionably determined the true site of the Globe Theatre and that he (Lee) and Sir Herbert Tree had wilfully placed a commemorative tablet on the wrong site. Rather than acknowledge that Professor Wallace has determined that money toward the end of the sixteenth century was worth three and a half times what it is worth to-day, Sir Sidney gives the valuation as five—an evident compromise between the valuation, eight, given by him in former editions of his book and Professor Wallace's present valuation. At page 301 we are amused to read that "a proof that [William's] reputation excelled that of any of his partners" is the fact that in an inventory of an estate of which the Globe formed a part the property was described as in the occupation of "William Shakespeare and others." With this kind of logic one might prove that Shakespeare was held in contempt at court in 1604 because in a warrant for payment to the Grooms of the Chamber he is not mentioned by name, whereas Heminge and Phillipps are. To prove that William did not take an active part in "the war of the theatres" he interprets the words "Shakespeare hath given [Jonson] a purge that made him bewray his credit" as meaning no more than that Shakespeare "had signally outstripped Jonson in popular esteem."

Of merely æsthetic criticism there is fortunately very little in this book. Sir Sidney's

interpretation of the Sonnets as the artificial exercises of a very adaptable poet's leisure moments is too well-known to be set forth at length and in this place. To us there is absolutely nothing to commend it. Unfortunately, the positive data about these poems are so few that there is nothing to hinder anyone so inclined from indulging in the most fantastic speculations concerning them. Of all the methods of approaching these difficult problems, that chosen by Sir Sidney—the method of comparative study—is the simplest, most superficial, and most barren in results. The themes of Shakespeare's Sonnets are different from those of any of his contemporaries except Barnfield. The intensity of the emotions exhibited in these poems and the fact that they were not intended for publication prove that they were the sincere outpourings of a man consumed by an overwhelming passion. That passion was a forbidden attachment to a young, handsome, accomplished young man—the typical effeminate homo-psyche "love-object." That Shakespeare was homosexual admits of no doubt to one free from the current moral prejudices and acquainted with the facts of modern sexology. That the poet's passion was ideal only is certain from Sonnet 20:13-14. Any critic who finds, as Sir Sidney does, in the "Willobie his Avis" a reflection of the story in the Sonnets is too deep-rooted in his preconceptions to be able to shed any light on the great Shakespeare mystery. Sir Sidney's momentous conclusion that the Sonnet-story comes nearer the confines of comedy than of tragedy (p. 221) is worthy of a critic who finds Barnes's sixty-sixth Sonnet "a first-rate poem," Lear's poor Fool a "half-witted lad," and in Lady Macbeth an absence of a moral sense.

In a former edition of his book, Sir Sidney gravely announced that he had independently investigated the matter of the Shakespeare application for a coat-of-arms and had reached very important conclusions. And so he had; but with what dire results to Shakespeare's character may be gathered from the fact that every Baconian quotes him with gleeful avidity, and even Churton Collins speaks of William's "bogus coat-of-arms." How hastily and ill-advisedly Sir Sidney reached his conclusions, and with what little regard for the characters of the men involved (John and William Shakespeare, William Camden, William Dethick, and the Earl of Essex), will be evident upon a reconsideration of the evidence. Puzzled by the fact that in 1599 the College of Arms drafted a document purporting to assign to the Shakespeares

the right to impale and to quarter with the arms of Shakespeare (incorrectly depicted on the cover of Sir Sidney's book) with those of Arden, the writer concludes that John's application for arms in 1596 had failed, and he thence spins out a contemptible conspiracy between the Shakespeares, especially William, and the officers of the College to make the former butcher's assistant, stable-boy, and poacher a "gentleman." All this falls to the ground if we can show, as we have no doubt we can, that the 1596 application was granted, and rightly granted, and that there was therefore no occasion for a conspiracy. After 1597 the poet and his father are almost invariably accorded the honorable addition of "Master" or "gentleman"—unequivocal evidence that they had been admitted to the rank of gentry before that year. Mr. Charles H. Athill, *Richmond Herald*, assured me in 1908 that "the fact that the [1596] arms appear again in the assignment for Arden in 1599 clearly proves that the 1596 patent did pass, otherwise they would not have been included in that patent." John Guillim, in his monumental "Display of Heraldry," without reliance upon any Shakespeare biographer, credits the granting of the Shakespeare arms to William Dethick, Garter King-at-arms. Had the grant been made in 1599 the name of Sir William Camden, who had in the interim been made Clarencieux King-at-arms, would have been added to that of Dethick. In the British Museum is a manuscript known as "Harl. MS. 6140" (fol. 45), in which the Shakespeare "pattent" is sketched and ascribed to "William Dethike." In the "Index College of Arms," a record which is preserved in the College, John Warburton, *Somerset Herald* (1720-1759), describes the Shakespeare coat and says it was "granted 20 October, 1596, per Will Dethick." The failure of any member of the Shakespeare family anywhere to display the Arden arms proves that the 1599 application did not terminate in a grant. This fact, taken in connection with the other facts just mentioned, and also with the further fact that the Shakespeares, the Halls, and the Nashes freely displayed the Shakespeare arms, proves with the utmost certainty that the 1596 application was approved by the College. The unlawful assumption of a coat-of-arms was strictly prohibited. In the reign of Henry VIII the Kings-of-Arms had been empowered "to reprove, control and make infamous by proclamation all such as unlawfully and without just authority, usurped or took any name or title of honor or dignity, as esquire, gentleman, or other." It is of course true that a negative pregnant such

as is implied in our last argument proves nothing; but it is equally true that justice requires us to regard all—even poets—as law-abiding subjects until the contrary is proved against them. Why the 1599 application was made, why the heralds struck out one sketch and substituted another, why the 1596 application was made, and why the Shakespeares were entitled to arms, I have already discussed in these columns.

William Shakespeare, as portrayed by Sir Sidney Lee, is not only very mercenary and litigious but is a very revengeful judgment-creditor, insisting on having his pound of flesh even when his debtor is his childhood's playfellow or the town's apothecary. That the poet personally had nothing to do with these petty suits, and that they were probably prosecuted without his knowledge or consent, may be reasonably inferred from the fact that he did not figure as plaintiff in a single suit for debt after he retired from London and took personal charge of his estate.

If Sir Sidney thinks it logical and correct to refer to two lines in "Troilus and Cressida"—a play which he elsewhere tells us Shakespeare did not write—as evidence that Shakespeare knew something about poaching and that this lends color to the poaching tradition, we may, more warrantably, be permitted, notwithstanding Pope's cleverly-worded couplet, to refer to Hamlet's contempt for those sheep and calves who seek out assurance in parchment as proof that Shakespeare knew a higher goal than the pursuit of wealth. And similarly, Sir Sidney could readily enough have found abundant material in the plays to show that the poet was above the petty snobishness that craved for a purchased coat-of-arms as a means of social distinction; this the more so as there is nowhere the slightest hint that William had anything to do with the applications to the College. The reference to the poaching story leads us to point out that Sir Sidney characterizes almost all the traditions handed down by late seventeenth century and early eighteenth century gossips as "credible" or "well attested," though they have nothing to commend them, but rejects as "idle gossip" the Rev. Richard Davies's report that the poet "dyed a papist"—the only one of the traditions that is corroborated by collateral testimony. The current belief that for years the Shakespeares suffered from poverty Sir Sidney accepts without question, notwithstanding the existence of a large body of positive evidence to the contrary.

Shakespeare was a great genius but, judged by our standards, not a great man. He was

a man like other men, a tangled skein of good and ill together. We shall never know much about him as he lived in the flesh; but Sir Sidney Lee's picture of him as a lawless, profligate, snobbish, sycophantic, and mercenary opportunist accords but ill with the "gentle," "sweet," "friendly" Shakespeare whom Ben Jonson described as "of a free and open nature," and whose honesty, civil demeanor, and "uprightness of dealing" Chettle extolled.

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM.

SENTIMENTAL ARISTOCRACY.*

An astronomer at his vigils, viewing light travelling with incredible speed over incredible distances, may be observing to-day movements of his favorite constellation which occurred during the American Revolution. A similar but too often a far less impressive experience is not seldom the lot of the critic. It is indeed with an emotion quite as exalting as an astronomer's that the critic finds in a modern opinion the confirmation of something which Plato wrote more than two thousand years ago,—some current of thought which perhaps has flowed on like a deep stream under the earth until it gushes forth to refresh a faint traveller far distant who drinks, perchance, without knowing its source. But the critic has experiences more often grotesque than idyllic. Again and again he finds to his distress that a stream of thought which he had fondly believed to have found a just oblivion in some desert has survived to feed with its brackish streams some scrawny oasis.

The reader of Mr. Ludovici's "A Defence of Aristocracy" will find a thought-current that flowed with turbid force in the middle of the nineteenth century. I had supposed it dead, at least among ambitious essayists, to-day. I could even have hoped that it had been killed by a passage in that queer but stimulating farrago, "The Communist Manifesto" by Marx and Engels, which appeared in 1848, when essays and speeches like Mr. Ludovici's began to emerge in considerable numbers. Marx and Engels wrote:

In order to arouse sympathy the aristocrats [whose cause had been dealt a death-blow in the French Revolution] were obliged to lose sight apparently of their own interests, and to formulate their indictment against the bourgeoisie in the interest of the exploited working classes alone. Thus the aristocrats took their revenge by singing lampoons on their new master, and whispering in his ears sinister prophecies of coming catastrophe.

* A DEFENCE OF ARISTOCRACY. By Anthony M. Ludovici. Boston: Le Roy Phillips.

In this way arose feudal socialism: half lamentation, half lampoon; half echo of the past, half menace of the future; at times by its bitter, witty, and incisive criticism, striking the bourgeoisie [i.e. the merchant capitalists large and small] to the very heart's core, but always ludicrous in its effect, through total incapacity to comprehend the march of modern history.

The aristocracy, in order to rally the people to them, waved the proletarian alms-bag in front for a banner. But the people, so often as it joined them, saw on their hindquarters the old feudal coats-of-arms, all deserted with loud irreverent laughter.

Something of Mr. Ludovici's crocodile lamentation over the sorrows of the modern serf, coupled with a sentimental longing for the return of the robber-baron (so much more picturesque than the robber-merchant), vitiates much of Carlyle's "Past and Present," that brilliant, sombre, richly-suggestive contemporary of the dithyramb by Marx and Engels. But Mr. Ludovici (who refers occasionally to Carlyle in the language of the proverbial fish-wife) has none of Carlyle's great virtues, though he has all of Carlyle's vices with not a few of his own, and a few private virtues which are at best but a sorry substitute for the earlier mode of neo-aristocratic hero-worship.

In the first chapter, on "The Aristocrat as the Essential Ruler," Mr. Ludovici thus defines the principle of aristocracy:

The principle of aristocracy is, that seeing that human life, like any other kind of life, produces some flourishing and some less flourishing, some fortunate and some less fortunate specimens; in order that flourishing, full and fortunate life may be prolonged, multiplied and, if possible, enhanced on earth, the wants of flourishing life, its optimum of conditions, must be made known and authoritatively imposed upon men by its representatives.

Observe some of the presuppositions of this definition,—if you can be sure of any presuppositions in a definition so vague. The eternal truth of all things, it would seem, has been discovered by some persons who were thrown at a lucky angle from Dame Nature's indefatigable dice-box. Man, it seems, has discovered so much about Dame Nature that he knows that Dame Nature knows more than he does (whoever or whatever Dame Nature may be); and so, with a finely heroic fatalism, he is willing to leave it to Dame Nature's "flourishing" productions (whatever "flourishing" may mean) to cram the law and the prophets down the maws of Nature's numerous little human jokes very much as medicine was once administered to horses by enthusiastic but somewhat primitive veterinarians. Mr. Ludovici throws away immediately one of his most plausible arguments for a new aristocracy by denouncing "the fanatics and followers of Science" with all the traditional fear of aristocrats in times past. His

sneer at science recurs again and again throughout the book, though on a few occasions he condescends to quote anthropological and biological dicta which seem to bear out his case. Had Mr. Ludovici overcome that age-long aristocratic dread of all innovation which once dealt so crudely with Galileo he would have found a powerful ally in some students of genetics. But the aristocracy in which genetics is interested would be too rational for his taste. A relish of his polemics will make clear to the reader just how much Mr. Ludovici cares for the somewhat unpopular processes of calm reason.

This is not a "matter of opinion," it is not a matter concerning which every futile *flâneur* in Fleet Street can have his futile opinion. It is the Divine Truth of life. And the democrat who dares to deny it is not only a blind imbecile, he is not only a corrupt and sickly specimen of manhood, he is a rank blasphemer, whose hands are stained with the blood of his people's future.

Mr. Ludovici quotes Bolingbroke's fine saying that "A divine right to govern *ill* is an absurdity: to assert it is blasphemy." He protests justly against Puritanical and bourgeois dualisms of body and spirit which lead to asceticism, morbidity, or hypocrisy. He blames modern aristocracy severely for its forgetfulness of *noblesse oblige*. But the true aristocrat he defines with all the characteristic vagueness, fatalism, and sentimentality of such reactionary paternalism. The true ruler must have "taste and good judgment, arising from the promptings of fortunate and flourishing life in the superior man," "one who has that *spontaneous and unerring taste which* is the possession of nature's 'lucky strokes'"; he is to rejoice in the onerous but "noble duty of caring for the *hearts* of the masses." (The italics are mine.) "When men exist," continues our rhapsodist, "whose characters and achievements shed a glamour upon everything that surrounds them, no duty they can impose upon their immediate entourage, no effort they can demand of it, whether it be the bearing of children or the building of a pyramid, can be felt as a humiliation or as an act of oppression."

In the second and third chapters, Mr. Ludovici denounces the English aristocrat of later days as a failure. No democrat could be more fearless and abusive. He bids him "drink copiously at the fount of Bolingbroke, Pitt and Beaconsfield." He finds much scripture in Machiavelli, Hobbes, and Nietzsche (all of whom are indeed suggestive thinkers when not in the hands of one who would brew of them all a strange and sentimental witches' broth). He deals implacably and justly with the confusion of aristocracy and irresponsible

plutocracy. He attacks the lust of modern capitalism, but idealizes the old Tudor and Stuart fear of capitalism into a prophetic vision of its nineteenth and twentieth century evils.

The best instincts of the Tudors and the Stuarts were against this transformation of England from a garden into a slum, from "Merrie England" into a home of canting, snivelling, egotistical, greedy and unscrupulous plutocrats, standing upon a human foundation of half-besotted slaves.

Doubtless there is an element of truth in this. But the reviewer must also subscribe enough to the doctrines of those "fanatics and followers of Science" whom Mr. Ludovici hates on principle and cites for convenience to interpret that fear as also the desire for self-preservation in a more sordid sense and as too often a fear with staring eyes glued strictly on the present. Mr. Ludovici says defiantly:

I submit that it was on the battlefields of Edgehill, Marston Moor and Naseby that trade first advanced in open hostility against tradition, quantity against quality, capitalistic industry against agriculture and the old industry of the Guilds, vulgarity against taste, machinery against craftsmanship, grey and mournful Puritanism against cheerful and ruddy Paganism—in fact, plebeian democracy against aristocracy.

One need not pause here over the familiar exaggeration and cant about Puritanism and art to remind the reader of Colonel Hutchinson, of Marvel, of Milton. There is some truth in what Mr. Ludovici says, and it should never be forgotten, especially in twentieth century America. But we must remember also that this "ruddy Paganism" of the Stuarts, which they affected in imitation of the more truly vigorous Tudors, too often took the form of a blind and deceitful conservatism and a feline hedonism that made radicalism all the cruder when it forced its way upward with violence; that blind feudal conservatism (not the tempering enlightened conservatism) shares the responsibility for the horrors of the age of machinery with bourgeois Puritanism. And later on, Mr. Ludovici somewhat contradicts himself by admitting the wolfish depredations on the peasants by Henry VIII and his "ruffianly favourites," and by tracing from the time of Edward VI "the capitalistic and greedy element in the landed gentry and aristocracy." He speaks of the yeoman prowess of labor on the fields of Crécy and Poitiers, and (writing just before the outbreak of to-day's great war) he warns the English aristocracy that their abuse of the pleb will vitiate English soldiery,—a warning that sounds strangely prophetic to us who read daily of the just obstinacy of labor in England in these critical days. He reminds us sensibly that "again and again

mere change has falsely been welcomed as Progress." He quotes the wise words of Adam Smith, who warned men that "the earlier economists, like ourselves, were hypnotised by the spectacle of the extreme poverty prevailing in the lower ranks of labour, and, as a result, they were induced to pursue comfort and hygiene as if they were ends in themselves, and as if the whole industrial problem were to be discovered in their attainment." Mr. Ludovici shows a fine but somewhat near-sighted scorn of trade "where sheer speed is often a means to success," combined with that sentimental conception of leisure which would remedy the evils of quick-lunches and railway accidents by the restoration of picturesque stage-coaches. He blames Darwin and his followers rather unfairly for that unscientific confusion of biological and moral law which has been such a devil's advocate among modern business men. He makes an excellent attack on "charity and benevolence" (as usually interpreted to-day) as "not the counter-agents chosen by rulers and deep thinkers" but "essentially the counter-agents which occur to the shallowest and least thoughtful minds." But his vague aristocratic panacea is not very reassuring:

It requires ruler qualities of the highest order, knowledge covering the widest range, and thought of the deepest kind, correlated with all the leisure that would render these possessions fruitful and operative.

He blames the English aristocracy for becoming hedonists, but he does not realize that the English bourgeoisie, partly because the old aristocrats were already hedonists, reduced their power and now keep them as decorations. In other words, he does not realize that because the earlier aristocrats chose to be hedonists, they are now forced to be hedonists by a plutocratic middle class which in turn practises a gross hedonism itself. In short, though Mr. Ludovici is very effective in his denunciation of both contemporary aristocracy and bourgeoisie, he is utterly blind to the great contributions of the middle classes to civilization, and with the typical Arcadianism of his sect he would create Utopia by restoring the idealized feudal aristocrat whom he is forced to define in vague and sentimental terms simply because such a creature as he describes never existed and never will exist,—a dim shadow of that paragon whom Aristotle described much better in terms more suave and beautiful, more clear but still too vague, the magnanimous man, the versatile, the benevolent, the detached, the heroic self with an Olympian ennui.

From Chapter V, "The Metamorphosis of the Englishman of the Seventeenth Century,"

one might well gather that to Mr. Ludovici "the unscrupulous spirit of gain and greed" now attained to power for the first time in centuries. He traces the deterioration of physical beauty. It is certainly true that many seventeenth century Puritans and many twentieth century heads of corporations are not objects lovely to the contemplation of the portrait painter; but it does not follow, as Mr. Ludovici asserts, that faces and bodies which a minority of fastidious people declare to be beautiful are the sure concomitants of noble character. However much the reader may believe in a Platonic union of the idea of beauty and the idea of goodness (a doctrine to which the present reviewer subscribes emphatically), it is not always easy to accept one whom many of aristocratic taste have called beautiful as empirical evidence of the union of these two ideals even partially realized. But Mr. Ludovici is at least consistent; he classes Socrates among "the men who have created or established things that all good taste must deplore—things of which the whole world will one day regret to have heard," one of the "ugliest beasts that ever blighted a sunny day." It is somewhat difficult to follow him, even after accepting his postulates, when he places Napoleon among those who were at once good and beautiful. But perhaps that is because I have never seen a decent portrait of Napoleon or because my taste is hopelessly bourgeois. Mr. Ludovici writes with just indignation against the influence of the Industrial Revolution on the physical well-being of the children of labor. But he seems to describe the Puritan tactics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as a nation-wide conspiracy not only to create a crudely dualistic conception of soul and body but also to so depress the physical well-being of those who worked in modern industries as to starve out the sexual desire. It all reads like the alarmist interpretation of the deep-scheming, well-unified capitalists that we hear from street corner orators in twentieth-century America. Perhaps this conspiracy is a matter of indisputable history, but I have not yet been made aware that psychology and sociology have confirmed the notion that modern industry succeeds in making the sexual desires less active.

In the sixth chapter, Mr. Ludovici deals with "The Decline of Manners and Morals under the Modern Democracy of Uncontrolled Trade and Commerce." After a rather good criticism of the sordidly abstract point of view which he and some other people call Socialism, he sets forth his own fundamental criterion, — Taste:

Very well, then, Taste, which is the power of discerning right from wrong in matters of doctrine, diet, behavior, shape, form, constitution, size, height, colour, sound and general appearance, is the greatest power of life; it is a power leading to permanence of life in those who possess it and who can exercise it. The absence of taste, or bad taste as it is sometimes called in these same matters, is a defect involving death, it is a defect leading to sickness or transiency in life in those who suffer from it.

To a less vague definition of taste we never attain in this book. Against the philosophy of unbridled economic determinism (if we may be allowed to call a quack-science a philosophy by accepting the connotations of the man in the street), Mr. Ludovici opposes the even cruder and more tarnished philosophy of a world of moral and aesthetic conflict between the snow-white purity of a minority party thrown into the world by some "lucky strokes of nature" and a majority party of fast-black sordidness,—all of which is an allegory which would do credit to his arch-foes, the Puritans, even in their most naive moments of measuring the universe with a yardstick. How in these days when, as Mr. Ludovici admits, the twisted and warped have undue power, are we to select as rulers these "lucky strokes of nature," or how are they going to select themselves and awe the mob? One feels the need of science, or of some mode of thought more sinewy than Mr. Ludovici's sentimental verbosity. We shall later find Mr. Ludovici forced to retreat to the trenches of what he calls science. Meanwhile he grows more and more loosely intuitional. How are the people to appreciate these aristocrats who have this vague superiority which Mr. Ludovici calls taste? The people "do not need to *understand* or to *judge* the examples of flourishing life." Suffice it that they say gushingly: "We want them because we *feel* that they understand us." Like most aristocrats, then, Mr. Ludovici would keep the masses in submissive ignorance, although later on he prescribes a limited and severely winnowing process of education conducted by aristocrats who will occasionally single out a rare spirit whose ideals can be stamped with aristocratic notions. To be sure, we are told, the masses may rebel should aristocracy become unworthy. Well, the saddest thing about rebellions in the past has always been that fine principles have been muddled, by the ignorant uprisers, with superstition and hysteria. Imagine the horrors which would arise with a rebellion in Mr. Ludovici's Utopia. Truly the golden age of feudalism would return—with its reverse side; rebellions conducted in the manner of the brutish Jacquerrie, the convulsive hydrophobia of men whose wrongs and disillusionments have

not been such as to inspire enlightened revolt or to strengthen them against equally brutish reprisals. Mr. Ludovici goes on, however, with an admirable analysis of bourgeois democracy: the tawdriness of its leisure-class, the *laissez-faire* of its economics, the low attitude of men towards women and of women towards themselves, the ugly clothes, the salacious theatricals on and off the stage, the rushing automobiles with their peremptory honkings, the vulgar display of wealth without any knowledge of its true worth, the decline in physical comeliness, the mania on the part of many of our most vulgar to collect old masterpieces merely as symbols of the owners' power. Then he turns to review the causes of the gradual passing of the gentleman. We are presented with another characteristically vague and rosy definition:

A gentleman in body and soul is a creature whose very tissues are habituated to act in an honourable way. For many generations, then, his people must have acted in an honourable way.

We note again the typical defect of most neo-aristocrats: these gentlemen of Utopia are moved only by the dynamic force of fatalistic traditionalism. Another definition, as luminous as a heavy fog, confirms the aristocratic fatalism: "Conscience, . . . to the non-Christian [who is to Nietzschean Ludovici the only possible gentleman], is simply the voice of his ancestors in his breast." In order that modern consciences and tastes may be purified, we must have aristocrats entirely immune from the dirty work of the world. And so these innocents are to be our guardians much as the swooning mid-Victorian women in Tennysonian harems nurtured the morals of the twentieth century conservatives and parasites. This cult of the innocents, together with Mr. Ludovici's utter loathing for machinery, we must always expect from the sentimental aristocrat. Machinery is often sordid. True,—the best democrat will admit that machinery has reduced the world to a new and singularly terrible form of economic slavery. But it would never occur to an aristocrat to ask whether this might not be a transitional period,—whether we could not make machinery our slave. The sentimental aristocrats have much in common with two famous characters once described with much shrewdness by a certain vulgar tinker who was the son of a tinker:

I saw then in my dream, that when Christian was got to the borders of the Shadow of Death, there met him two men, children of them that brought up an evil report of the good land (Num. XIII.), making haste to go back; to whom Christian spake as follows:—

Chr. Whither are you going?

Men. They said, Back! back! and we would have you do so too, if either life or peace is prized by you.

Mr. Ludovici caps the climax with a defence of Machiavelli's double code of morality for princes. Heaven forbid that such an admirable book as "The Prince" should fill modern readers with the devil-exorcising fear with which it inspired Elizabethan dramatists! But even irrational people are to-day growing more and more numerous aware of the ethical impossibility of double standards within the field of morals, whether sexual or political.

In the last three chapters, Mr. Ludovici turns more particularly to his constructive work: "The Aristocrat as an Achievement," "The Aristocrat in Practice," "What is Culture?" Now, at last, he is fain to throw himself on the protection of "the fanatics and followers of Science" who, you will remember, "are not the representatives" of "the principle of aristocracy" because "their taste is too indefinite" and their conclusions too slowly reached. If one were to derive his notion of science from the citations that follow in Mr. Ludovici, one would be compelled to agree with Mr. Ludovici's earlier mood of contempt and give prompt allegiance to his more fundamental principle, which is to leap before you look. One would feel absolutely compelled to cite Herodotus, Deuteronomy, and Ezra, as Mr. Ludovici does, to bolster up and amplify the laborious findings of modern science. One would cite, with all Mr. Ludovici's disapproval of its radical tinge, the statement of Aristotle, who, in an age of decadence, makes the fatal admission that "Slaves have sometimes the bodies of freemen, *sometimes the souls.*" (The italics are mine). Mr. Ludovici has often blamed democracy justly for its excessive and vague individualism. But now, in his neo-aristocratic programme, he follows a Nietzschean individualism, different in some respects, but equally excessive and equally vague. With Reibmayr, he classifies man's instincts "under three heads, (A) the self-preserved, (B) the reproductive, and (C) the social," all of which, we are told, may be present in fairly well balanced or unequal degrees. It then becomes necessary to define Will. Mr. Ludovici (evidently recreating the history of human thought from his insides, much as a spider weaves a web) astounds us with the assurance that "the whole discussion about free will and determinism could only have arisen in a weak and sickly age." With his healthy aristocratic mind, Mr. Ludovici disposes of the trivial problem in about three pages. His conclusion, "determinism from within," seems to be a sort of crude teleological determinism, a conception of a self deter-

mined by his own loyalty, but a loyalty based not on reason but on certain unplumbed emotions,— "a voice within his own heart," a loyalty directed towards heaven knows what goal. It is easy to understand from this why Mr. Ludovici, when as in these later chapters he chooses to tolerate science for convenience sake, warns us that all the conclusions to which biology and anthropology have slowly and blunderingly attained, all their conclusions and infinitely more, were present in the sure instincts of Brahmans, Egyptians, and other races of uncontaminated intuitionism. Nothing daunted by the dædalian turns of Mendelian law, and in fact ignoring Mendelianism altogether, Mr. Ludovici now proceeds to cite his few adopted scientists in proof of the supreme necessity for in-breeding within a family or caste. While he admits that occasional judicious cross-breeding is necessary, he holds that wanton cross-breeding has been the chief cause of the decadence of all the good races of past and present, and now threatens the English aristocracy. He would find not a few students of genetics who would listen respectfully to his conclusions were they stated with anything like temperance and with a reasonable amount of evidence. But although I could well imagine myself as ignorant of these fascinating humanistic sciences as Mr. Ludovici himself, I find that my meagre knowledge is enough to assure me that his procrustean treatment of biology and anthropology would make many of the most reckless of "the fanatics and followers of science" gasp. But Mr. Ludovici, I suppose, would remind me that he has supplemented the results of the scientists from the sure instincts of Osiris, the Ptolemies, the Brahmans, the Jewish Levites, and many others whose examples and whose lore he now cites with great profusion. Only, when he says that the Brahman practice of not insulting but merely avoiding drunkards, lepers, "those who subsist with shopkeeping," "a man with deformed nails or black teeth," etc.,— when Mr. Ludovici cites such conduct as "more merciful and more practical than the methods of isolation, segregation and sterilisation proposed by the eugenisists," I find myself wondering on what grounds Mr. Ludovici finds modern science by contrast to be so "bungling" as he so often implies and says. Also, if this divine instinct of the Egyptians, Brahmans, Levites, early Greeks, Roman patricians, and others taught them to avoid resorting to cross-breeding, except judiciously, when their in-breeding threatened exhaustion, I find myself wondering what it was, either in the way of in-breeding or cross-

breeding, that impelled this divine instinct into that contamination which has recurred in all his great races which fill our modern thought with deep brooding over the tragic cycles of human progress. Lax cross-breeding, says Mr. Ludovici, causes the deterioration of the divine instinct. But what first causes these divine instincts to lend themselves to the practice of lax cross-breeding? Here again we seem to find ourselves at the heart of that fatalism which has sooner or later bred self-destruction in all aristocracies yet conceived, and which, as far as I can see, vitiates the very centre and basis of Mr. Ludovici's creed.

Nor can I be appeased when Mr. Ludovici, who has had so much to say about the "flourishing life" of aristocracy produced by "lucky strokes of nature," asserts that it is "one of the most incontrovertible facts of science and human experience, that there is extraordinarily little chance of accident in the production of great and exceptional men." Just how, I wonder, does he distinguish between the instincts of "most European aristocracies" which have "always relied more or less indolently and ignorantly upon chance" and the divine instincts of his favorite ancients, except in degree? For the best that can be said of his ancient aristocrats is that in some cases their instincts seem to have kept them longer from instinctively falling into that practice of cross-breeding which was their ruin. One is not surprised to find Mr. Ludovici, after an interesting and plausible attack on primogeniture, admitting the need of heavy gambling in propagating, even when it is practised on the most divinely instinctive basis. You must have plenty of children, if you are an aristocrat. Then, from the midst of failure, at least one great man will arise.

Once more Mr. Ludovici circles back to an onslaught on decadent British aristocracy. He shows how from the days of the younger Pitt there has been a tendency to increase the peers of England on economic and other capricious incentives. He advocates an education of lower classes placed in the hands of active aristocrats who would weed out in the early grades all those who seem unworthy to the traditionalizing gaze of aristocrats and to the myopia inevitable in their native habitat and environment.

Finally, Mr. Ludovici has altogether avoided the questions which would arise in any philosophy of history, which should command the attention of any theorist on human progress. Has it been for the worse that aristocrats have faded and fallen? Would it have been better if the world had always had nothing

but the glory that was Greece or nothing but the grandeur that was Rome? Does the human race at large move towards "that one, far-off divine event," and does the "whole creation" move towards it? Or should we agree to take a severely empirical attitude, and regard this last question as full of temptations involving dangerous presuppositions or prejudices? Should we hope for an era of unprecedented nationalistic individualism, and in-breeding not only physical but moral and æsthetic? I know that such questions might seem naïve to an advocate of the Marxian "materialistic conception of history." I know they would seem impertinent to the so-called "scientific historian," with his worship of Von Ranke and his amazing notion that the historian can deal with what he styles "pure facts" without even raising an eyebrow by way of interpretation. I am well aware, too, that many empiricists of a much finer sort than the old-fashioned followers of Von Ranke and his successors would not be very much interested in my questions. And for the point of view of the most sensible empiricists I have the most cordial respect,—though I cannot, at least in my present stage of enlightenment, give them my poor bewildered allegiance. But Mr. Ludovici is clearly no empiricist. He is an emotional idealist. He is a philosopher-artist, or an artist-philosopher, and he is therefore under Druid bonds to pay attention to questions like those I have asked. If he does not ask them, his book is fundamentally meaningless. And I cannot perceive that he asks them.

HERBERT ELLSWORTH CORY.

BUDDHISM IN ART.*

Within its limitations as to space, Dr. Anesaki's "Buddhist Art in Its Relation to Buddhist Ideals" is an illuminating book. It comprises four lectures given at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, in January and February, 1914, while the author, who is Professor of the Science of Religion in the Imperial University of Tokyo, was temporarily in the United States and occupying the chair of Professor of Japanese Literature and Life in Harvard University. In its bearing on the history of art, the theme of the lectures is an important one. The author's treatment of it is thoroughly comprehending and clear in statement, and his book supplies a real need, as the information hitherto available

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is scattered through the pages of periodicals and costly publications to which few have access.

Buddhahood signifies enlightenment. Having attained the infinitely expanded vision, the Buddha Sākyamuni must have become the possessor of all knowledge. He must, therefore, have foreseen the use that his followers would make of art in spreading the faith, and the influence that Buddhist philosophy would have upon the development of the fine arts throughout the Far East. Nevertheless, the view of art held by him and his immediate disciples was strictly hedonistic. Dr. Anesaki tries to get around this fact by asserting that "Buddha was an artist," a statement which he immediately qualifies by adding "not in the sense that he ever worked with brush or chisel, but in the sense that his perception of life was artistic." This may be dismissed as a bit of special pleading. There is nothing in Sākyā's life as we know it, or in his teaching, to show that he realized the possibility of a mental uplift through the contemplation of physical beauty in any form. His mission was to spread spiritual illumination among his fellows, to break down the barriers of caste, and to establish the principle of human equality and brotherhood. His philosophy has been described as an interpretation and popularization of the Veda, made over into a moral code "at once intuitive and practical," the dominant idea being "the attainment of salvation with one's own mind."

After the Buddha's death, his injunction to his followers to abjure the pomps and vanities of worldly life was interpreted in many ways. He had required all who adhered to his cult to shave their heads and put on priestly robes. And in the early years the brethren were forbidden to allow figures of human beings to be painted on monastery walls. Dr. Anesaki points out that as late as the reign of King Asoka, during the third century B. C., the person of the Buddha was regarded as too sublime to be represented as a human figure, and was symbolized by such things as the holy wheel of eternal truth, or the tree under which he attained Buddhahood. But before long the priests found it necessary to their teaching to have "something tangible to recall the magnetic influence of his presence." There is a tradition that in an endeavor to supply this need, Sākyā's bones were distributed among the eight kingdoms where his faith had been embraced, and were there enclosed in mound-like repositories known as stupa. But this failed of the desired effect, and led only to superstitious worship of the relics.

Whether the making of sacred images began prior to the development of sculpture in India under Greek influence may never be known, for there is some reason to suppose that the earlier statues were of wood and have not been preserved. If tradition may be believed, the first of these was an image of Buddha carved by order of Udayāna, King of Kosambi, from wood of the sendan (Pride of India) tree. That some of the figures were of comparatively early date seems probable, for among the adherents of the Hinayana schools that grew up in the centuries following Sākyā's death, dissensions arose, regarding them and the stupa, the votaries being divided in their opinion as to whether these things were or were not efficacious aids to salvation. Not until the second and third centuries B. C. is there clear evidence of any general patronage of artists and craftsmen by the Buddhist Sangha: not until the beginning of the Christian era do the types of Buddhist art begin to take definite form. At first we find, as Dr. Coomaraswamy puts it, "only the popular Brahmanical and animistic art of the day, adapted to Buddhist requirements." The earliest type to emerge is that of the Buddha-yogin, the seated figure in the practice of Yoga, "seeking enlightenment and emancipation by meditation calculated to release the individual from empirical consciousness," until, as Schelling expresses it, "the perceiving self merges in the self-perceived."

As Buddha reached his final enlightenment while seated in yogi fashion under the Bodhi tree at Gaya, the cross-legged figure seated upon a lotus-flower āsana (support) became the most characteristic and symbolical outward representation of spiritual achievement, and as such it has persisted through all the centuries down to the present day. Much has been written about the influence of the Gandhara sculptors during the period from the first to the fourth centuries A. D., when this classic conception was taking shape, but there can be little doubt that its importance has been over-rated. Dr. Coomaraswamy regards the Gandhara sculptures as the work of Greco-Bactrian craftsmen employed by the Gandhara kings to interpret Buddhist ideas; and Havell is probably right in his estimate that their art, so far as it is Greek or Roman, is lifeless, and "the more it becomes Indian the more it becomes alive." Dr. Anesaki, however, says they represented Buddha "in all the beauty of an Apollo."

The great development of Buddhist art came about through the evolution of Northern

Buddhism,—the Mahayana, or Greater Vehicle. This school was the outcome of an emotional transformation which carried its votaries away from the purely intellectual concepts of Sākya and his early followers. It promulgated doctrines at variance with those taught by the Founder. It peopled the universe with Dhyani-Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, and extended its metaphysical speculations until they embraced the idea of an Adi-Buddha as Supreme Lord and Creator, and, under a new terminology, included the orthodox Hindu pantheon in the Buddhist hierarchy. Its ritual became elaborate, and was designed to put before the devotee vivid mental images of the divinities evoked. The Mahayana sutras represent an attempt of Buddhism to absorb the Brahmanistic creed. "They are," says Dr. Anesaki, "to leave untouched the metaphysical doctrines preached in them, descriptions in words of the pictures representing the glorious assembly of celestial and human beings around Buddha." Through their tacit approval of the worship of images, these sutras gave an impetus to the employment of art in spreading the faith.

The development that brought Buddhism into the closest union with art was, however, the rise of the Yogāchārya, or Tantric sect. The essence of its special creed is that Buddha lives in a spiritual world of the imagination whose secrets are veiled in mystery to the uninitiate. These secrets it professed to reveal through mystic formularies, and by "visualizing in pictures, statues, and rites, the symbolic or anthropomorphic manifestations of Buddha and of the various deities which are his emanations." It was the outgrowth of a cosmotheistic concept which Dr. Anesaki describes as "the fundamental ideal common to nearly all branches of Buddhism," and concerning which he says:

The final substratum of Buddhahood is, therefore, the cosmos, including the spiritual and material aspects, and Buddha is the Lord who rules it, not from above, but from within. His spirit is the cosmic soul, which, like a seed, evolves out of itself all the phenomena of the universe.

For concrete representations of this ideal world recourse was had to painting and sculpture and music. Much was made of the Mandala or groups of sacred figures. The Sanskrit word signifies "whole," "circle," "assemblage," etc., but as applied to these pictures had the wider meaning of the cosmos symbolized in terms of its moving forces. The Mandala were of four kinds: Maha-Mandala, representing Buddhas and Bodhisattvas with all their distinguishing marks and attributes; Karma-Mandala, illustrating their actions; Samaya-Mandala, showing their

mudras, or mystic poses of hands and feet, and their various sacred belongings; and the Dharma-Mandala, setting forth the letters of the so-called Lancha alphabet as applied to them with symbolic meaning. These Mandala merged into one another on the principle of "The whole in one and one in the whole," and from being considered merely as representations of the ideal world they were transfigured by the mass of believers who came to look upon them as in themselves objects of worship.

A history of Buddhist art being beyond Dr. Anesaki's purpose in this book, he does not attempt to trace the spread of the Mahayana doctrines from India into Tibet, China, and other countries on the continent of Asia, and its absorption of various pantheons into one cycle central in Buddha, but, with only casual reference to the importance of the works of the painters and sculptors of the T'ang and Sung dynasties, wrought under its influence, passes to the introduction, in the ninth century A. D., of Mystic Buddhism into Japan, where it was designated as Shingon or "The True Word." The iconography of Shingon art, its signs and symbolic inventions, furnishes the subject of his third lecture; but as "the possible deities and symbols are as many as the atoms of the universe," he offers only a general view of the subject and brief descriptions of some of the figures most commonly represented by the artists. At the end of the chapter he touches upon the syncretic religion called Ryōbu Shinto, which was an extension of the Shingon concept to include Shinto within its purview, as in India the Yogāchārya had gathered the Hindu divinities into its fold.

The elaborate and richly colored paintings, noble statues, and ornate temples with their splendid furnishings and imposing rituals, of the mystic sects, represent only one phase of Mahayana Buddhism. Equally characteristic is the idealistic and supremely poetic art that is the outcome of the contemplative school, known in Japan as Zen. This school lays special emphasis upon meditation. In the words of Dr. Anesaki, "its adherents believed that to them had been directly transmitted the spiritual illumination of Buddha, and they cultivated its method of meditation simply and purely without admixture of mysterious rituals and doctrinal analysis." Its tenets were carried from India to China about 526 A. D. by Bodhidharma, the twenty-eighth and last Indian Patriarch of Buddhism, who became the first Patriarch of Zen Buddhism in China, where he was called Tamo. To the Japanese he is known as Daruma. He main-

tained as a principle that one should not be bound by the words of the scriptures, and asserted that Buddhahood is not to be attained by works, but by the purity and wisdom that comes from meditation. It should, therefore, be sought in one's own heart.

The influence of this doctrine upon the Art of the Far East was profound and far-reaching. A few sentences from what Dr. Anesaki has to say about it tell the story very concisely, and serve also as an example of his lucid style.

As a method of achieving a union of the individual soul with the cosmic spirit Zen training manifested itself in art of a transcendental kind. Naturalism and intuitionism enabled the Zenist not only to absorb the serenely transient beauty of nature, but also to express it, distinct from human passions and interests in placid dignity and pure simplicity; while individualism, a necessary consequence of Zen practice, found expression in a vigor and freshness of artistic treatment implying always a touch of original genius. Thus the æsthetic sense developed by the culture consisted essentially in disinterested observation and penetrating insight which produced a feeling of intimacy with the universe and caused man to mould his life and taste in accordance with the "air-rhythm" of nature. Since, however, high attainment in Zen was limited to a few men of indefatigable persistence, the best products of its art showed an intellectual loftiness suggestive of aristocracy. Yet its influence pervaded the lives of the people and moulded their perceptions in every branch of art,—in the composition of poems, the building of houses and furnishing of rooms; in methods of flower arrangement, of gardening, and even of preparing and drinking tea. Indeed there is in Japan hardly a form of thought or activity that Zen has not touched and inspired with the ideal of simple beauty.

It would not be fair to the author of this very interesting volume to criticize it for what it does not contain. Instead, it is to be commended for the extent of the information that has been compressed within the space of four short lectures, and the clarity with which the dominant ideas are made to stand forth. The book is illustrated with forty-seven full-page reproductions of paintings and statues, accompanied by explanatory text. The frontispiece is a chromo-lithograph of the famous triptych of "The Amida Triad rising over Hills" traditionally ascribed to Eshin Sozu Genshin and now deposited in the Imperial Museum, Kyôto. The other subjects are chiefly from paintings and sculptures in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. If the reproductions are not, in every instance, satisfactory it is because many of the originals are ancient works which it is very difficult to photograph. This does not apply to the reproduction of Zen paintings, which might be better. It must be said of them also, that not all of the works selected are of such merit as to warrant their inclusion. As for the two Ukiyoe travesties of Buddhist subjects, they

are quite irrelevant and would wisely have been omitted. And in the legend appended to Plate XLIV, instead of stating that the deity Fugen "is represented as a courtesan," it should have been put the other way around. But in spite of these shortcomings, the illustrations form an important and most useful feature of the book.

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE INTERPRETED.*

In the year 1901, Professor Albert Bushnell Hart published in "The American Historical Review" a brief paper entitled "The Monroe Doctrine and the Doctrine of Permanent Interest" which went a long way toward clearing up the hazy notions upon the subject at that time prevalent. Other contributions of the sort have been made from time to time; and at last we have from Professor Hart's facile pen a volume of ample proportions which comprises the most ambitious, and the most generally useful, treatise upon the subject at present available in the English language.

The first clue to the actual nature of the volume in hand is supplied by the sub-title, "An Interpretation." What the reader expects to find, and does find, is far more than the Doctrine's history. Of the seven "parts" into which the book falls, only three are purely historical. In the first of these are recounted the circumstances and events attending the original pronouncement of 1823; in the second are recorded the fluctuations of American foreign relations from about 1827 to 1869, together with the efforts of presidents, secretaries of state, and other public men "to frame new forms of doctrine to correspond"; in the third the narrative is carried from 1869 to 1915. Of the four succeeding "parts," two are strictly interpretative, one is essentially prophetic, and one is bibliographical.

The fundamental service which Professor Hart has rendered has been the clarification of ideas concerning a very confused but very live subject. "No public policy," he correctly observes, "has taken such hold upon the imagination of the American people as the so-called Monroe Doctrine. It has been quoted, discussed, stated, re-stated, revised, and re-issued for nearly a hundred years. During the last fifteen years the Doctrine has

* THE MONROE DOCTRINE. An Interpretation. By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D. With map. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

MODERNIZING THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By Charles H. Sherrill. With an Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

been applied to a much wider range of objects than in its earlier history. . . Its meaning and its immediate cogency are still uncertain and disputed." The causes of the obscurity which surrounds the subject are not difficult to discover. In the memorable message of December 2, 1823, President Monroe made certain assertions relative to the attitude of the United States toward the affairs of Latin America and of the Northwest coast. The phrases employed were put forward "for immediate consumption, in order to forestall difficulties then serious but now mostly passed by." But in succeeding decades the attempt was made, as it still is made, to apply these Monrovia phrases to every aspect of our international affairs to which, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, they can be regarded as pertinent. As necessity has arisen, or as inclination has led, presidents, secretaries of state, writers, and publicists have introduced glosses on the original Doctrine, adding element to element of confusion. And it is difficult to say whether the grossest anachronisms and incongruities have arisen from the exploitation of these glosses or from the occasional impossible attempts to apply the phrases of 1823 literally to existing situations.

Underlying and antedating all of these more or less ephemeral and contradictory doctrines, Professor Hart finds "a perpetual national policy which needs no authority from President Monroe, or any later public man, to make it necessary or valid." It is "the daily common-sense recognition of the geographic and political fact that the United States of America is by fact and by right more interested in American affairs, both on the northern and southern continents, than any European power can possibly be." For the ultimate basis of this "American doctrine" one must turn to the physical make-up of the American continent and the remoteness of the Americas from both Europe and Asia; and for the earliest deliberate expressions of the doctrine one must go back beyond President Monroe and Secretary Adams to, at all events, Thomas Pownall's "Memorial to the Sovereigns of America" in 1781 and John Adams's conversations with the British peace commissioner at Paris in 1782, as well as the more familiar pronouncements of President Washington. Viewed in this way, the declarations contained in the Monroe message of 1823 become, not a new and final statement of national policy, but a reiteration, adapted to contemporary circumstances, of a long-recognized principle of fundamental and continuous national interest; and, in their varying

guises, subsequent declarations by Polk, Cass, Seward, Grant, Fish, Evarts, Cleveland, Olney, Roosevelt, and Root have been only fresh assertions of the one abiding doctrine of "permanent interest." For purposes of convenience this eternal doctrine may be denominated the "Monroe Doctrine." But the user of the phrase must understand that in essence the doctrine was no more originated by Monroe than by any one of a score of American publicists; while in its form of expression it has ever been, and must ever be, changeable as the chameleon.

It is easy for the author to demonstrate that men are as absolutely disagreed to-day concerning the meaning of the "Monroe Doctrine" as they have been at any earlier time, and that so long as our foreign relations are managed in deference to a rule or theory of such uncertainty the United States will suffer in dignity and influence. That the United States has need of a Doctrine of some variety — indeed, that the maintenance of a Doctrine is inevitable — is regarded as axiomatic, and it becomes a question of the kind of Doctrine which is most desirable and of the form in which it shall be stated. The Doctrine which is affirmed to be desirable is that which may be designated by Secretary Evarts's phrase "paramount interest," or the author's "permanent interest." And the essentials of it are asserted to be (1) a declaration of the continuing interest of the United States that Europe shall obtain no new footholds in America, and (2) an explanation that the reason for this interest is "the honest republican desire that our near neighbors may be given the chance to practice republican government." The omissions will be observed to be significant. The United States is not to disclaim desire to annex territory south of the country's present boundaries, "because we have never recognized any limitation on that subject in the Monroe Doctrine, and because we are now, from year to year, picking up territory which is not likely ever to see independence again." In the next place, the principle of the two spheres must be given up, because the United States has become "a Canal power, a Pacific power, and an Asiatic power," and must remain such. And, finally, there is no longer to be pretence that the Doctrine is international law, public law, inter-American law, or indeed law at all, "except in the sense of the physical sciences." The Doctrine is not law for the people of the United States, "because none of them is required as an individual to believe and obey." It is not law for the Latin-American states, for they did not make it and they

resent every part of it that imposes limits upon what they might otherwise do as sovereign nations. It is not law for other foreign nations, but simply "a warning of the disagreeable things that may happen to them if they ignore it."

Even in this moderate form, the Doctrine, it is asserted, will be difficult, if not impossible, to maintain by peaceful means. "Unless Europe is about to enter on a new régime of international understandings and good will, which seems very doubtful, the Doctrine is likely to be tested by some ambitious military power. For such a contest the naval preparation of the United States is insufficient and her military organization is preposterous. Either the country must face the responsibility which it assumes and prepare itself accordingly, or it must give up the Doctrine." But giving up the Doctrine, the author contends, will not be so easy; and not even by such a course can peace be assured. "The Doctrine will not give up the United States; for European settlements in America can only be made by war upon American countries, which would inevitably involve the United States sooner or later, with or without a Doctrine." The conclusion to which the author comes is, therefore, that the present demand for military and naval preparedness is well founded, and he rounds off his luminous exposition with a few telling arguments in its behalf. On its face, the view of things which is expressed seems pessimistic, and even panicky. Yet in consideration of the many happenings since August, 1914, which had been asserted to be, and were generally believed to be, altogether impossible, one hesitates to demur. At the least, Professor Hart's characterization of the status of the Americas in relation to the affairs of the world at large will provoke much thought and discussion.

Mr. Charles Sherrill is a former minister to Argentina, and in his "Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine" he writes from first-hand knowledge of Latin American sentiment and policy. Upon the subject of Pan-Americanism he feels deeply and speaks forcefully. His arguments in favor of the cultivation of the Pan-American spirit are irrefutable; although in his enthusiasm he occasionally ventures assertions of somewhat extravagant character. The most noteworthy feature of his book is, however, not the appeal for Pan-American cooperation, but certain novel and even radical proposals concerning the mode of attainment of peace and comity in the Western world.

In his contention that the Monroe Doctrine stands in need of modernization to bring it

clearly into conformity with the times, and of fresh definition to dispel the misunderstandings that have gathered about it in the past, Mr. Sherrill is in substantial agreement with Professor Hart and other recent writers. It is insisted by him, further, that now is peculiarly the time for such reconstruction and for drawing the twenty-one American republics into closer relations. It is his plan for accomplishing this end that specially enlists attention. This plan embraces a series of actions working out in the erection of a Pan-American "triangle of peace," an international arrangement guaranteed to preserve the United States and her sister republics from the menace of European or Asiatic aggression and from the ravages of international war.

The base of the triangle is to be supplied by a more substantial harmony among the Western republics; and the joint mediation of the United States and the A. B. C. powers in the Mexican situation in 1914 is cited as evidence that the desired condition of comity is being attained. The Eastern side of the triangle is to be "a completed Monroe Doctrine to prevent friction with Europe." At this point the scheme as outlined by Mr. Sherrill becomes dubious, if not fantastic, and, in the reviewer's opinion, quite breaks down. For, the completion of the Monroe Doctrine which is advocated involves persuasion of the European powers forthwith to give up all of their surviving possessions in the western hemisphere (with the possible exception of Canada) and financial compensation of the powers for these territories—should it be demanded—by the United States. Arguments presented by the author in defence of the practicability of this proposal, while ingenious, are in no wise convincing. The third step is the erection of the Western side of the triangle, to ensure peace on the Pacific. It involves simply, we are told, "practicing across the Pacific what the Monroe Doctrine preaches." Mr. Sherrill considers this the easiest part of the task; for all that is necessary is for the United States "to stay at home and mind her own business." This, however, under conditions that have grown up, is asking a good deal—particularly when it is explained that adoption of the course proposed would mean not only that the United States should discontinue the effort to maintain the Open Door in China but that she should give up the Philippines. To facilitate the adoption of his plan, however, the author proposes the surrender of the Philippines to Great Britain, France, Holland, and Denmark, in exchange

for the liberation of the colonies at present held by these powers in the western hemisphere! It must be said in the author's favor that in some quarters this last suggestion has been accorded support. But to most men it must yet appear chimerical.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

RECENT FICTION.*

Mrs. Watts always writes something worth reading. She is always (it would seem) so really interested in life as she knows it and in a broad way so pleased with it, that her report of it is worth listening to. The first few pages of "Nathan Burke" were enough to show a competent observer that a new planet had somehow got itself together out of the nebulous chaos of fiction writers which jars and joggles about nowadays, and started off in some sort of orbit. The precise nature of this orbit has not yet been calculated by our literary astronomers; it would seem not to be comet-like or to have the wholly reliable characters of some other literary luminaries. There are those who think that "Nathan Burke" is finer than anything that Mrs. Watts has done since; that was perhaps because the historic element gave a sort of romantic flavor that many people like. There are also those who think that "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" is her best book,—which may come from the particular interest that is undoubtedly felt by the present literary generation in following out the story of somebody's life. In "The Rudder" Mrs. Watts has neither of these advantages, besides which she has elected to make something of a difficulty for herself by having, as she puts it herself, several heroes. It might also be said that the symbolic name of her novel does not seem (at least to one sympathetic reader) really to show the course of the book; it seems to be a rudder, to make a feeble joke, that does not do much steering.

In spite of these disadvantages, largely self-imposed, Mrs. Watts is as obviously herself in "The Rudder" as in her other books. She is really so interested in life as it goes on about her that no passionate delight in alluring fancy and no deep resolution of the troubles of the present generation and no one of the current catchwords which nowadays

stand for ideas,—in fact that nothing can distract her from putting down her view. She may be called old-fashioned; people may say they do not care for phases of life in a small metropolis of the central states. But Mrs. Watts is not by any means a purveyor of local color; the orator and the baseball player and the contractor are really national types. In the dreadful Mrs. Maranda she emerges into the sphere of general humanity. And the other chief figures, the novelist and the young lady, whatever they are, are not particularly typical of the central states. So Mrs. Watts has the main thing to her credit,—a fine material; though she lacks in this book the molding power of one sort or another, the power of shaping things into just the right form, which some people seem to have accidentally, and which others seem to have as a matter of conscious art.

She does not give an encouraging view of life. It must be that there are a great many handers-out of balderdash like T. Chauncey Devitt; one can hardly imagine otherwise. But he is a sad figure for all that. So is Amzi Loring. It may be doubtful if there are many millionaires' sons who become professional ball-players; but there certainly are many young gladiators very like him, both in the college world and out. Mrs. Watts's types are pretty true,—so true, indeed, that it may be fancied that they are too much the creation of the general idea and too little of the particular impression so needful for art. Whether of one kind or another, they all together—the walking delegate, the labor-leader, the bright boy, the base-ball player, the millionaire, and a number more—give rather a dull idea of life which is hardly lighted up by anything else. Certainly Mr. Cook, the novelist, presents little more than an amused tolerance, and Nellie Loring the social worker has only a pained feeling that she will find out about it all some time.

It is not, of course, the duty of the novelist to be optimistic, nor is optimism as a duty a very interesting thing in fiction. But almost everybody feels that there is something worth while in life,—something beyond mere stoical endurance: and if one's novelist does not perceive anything, one believes there must be a false view somewhere. So I think that Mrs. Watts has this time not got her focus quite right.

Whether her focus be right or wrong, her book is immeasurably nearer truth than is Mr. W. H. Wright's "A Man of Promise." Mr. Wright was writing a different kind of novel for one thing, and at best would not have had the kind of realism in which Mrs.

* THE RUDDER. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE MAN OF PROMISE. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Co.

THE PORTION OF A CHAMPION. By Francis O. Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

FREY AND HIS WIFE. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

Watts excels. But it is only in a way that he himself possibly did not plan that Mr. Wright appears to me to give in any sense a true note of the world to-day. His chief figure and Mrs. Watts's T. Chauncey Devitt, though superficially very different, are really men of much the same intellectual type,—unconscious intellectual charlatans both, playing, the one to the vast mediocre audience of our country, the other to the much smaller set which prides itself on being cultivated—or perhaps here one should say "cultured." Stanford West, the man of promise, is constantly presented to us as a man of ideas, and evidently seemed so to himself and to those about him. It is clear, however, from the book that he was nothing of the sort. He conceived himself as one whose thought could dissolve the present structure of society and construct another. But he says and does nothing that gives any such idea. Men of that kind do not keep their thought for one or two books or newspaper articles: they talk, act, live so that people know that there is something to them. Stanford West is said to have published a book which "stripped the illusion and sanctity from the whole fabric of life and replaced them with doctrines which seemed to reverse the accepted moral code." Yet nothing that he says or does strips the illusion or sanctity from any part of the fabric of life. It surely does not strip the illusion or sanctity from the relation of sex (which is the only part of the fabric of life in which he had the slightest interest) that a young man should make his beginnings in such things with services of girls from the street, should go on with two (consecutive) mistresses, follow with a wife, leave her for a third mistress, and come back to his wife.

Stanford West was "a man of promise" just as T. Chauncey Devitt was. He talked as if he had ideas, as if he were an intellectual giant; whereas he really was a muddle-headed sensualist. Mr. Wright has made a mistake in telling us that he wrote a beautiful play full of the Greek spirit. There is nothing in the book to show that Stanford West had any real comprehension of Greek culture. Mr. Wright is also mistaken in telling us that West wrote either articles or books which criticized the present social structure in a destructive and a constructive manner. Such a man could have done nothing of the sort,—though he might easily have thought he had, and very probably told Mr. Wright that he had. Such people often think more highly than they ought to think of their own doings.

The chief difference between these two charlatan-rhetoricians is that Mrs. Watts (of

course) does not believe in hers, while Mr. Wright solemnly and even pathetically takes his hero seriously. I suppose the reason for this is that Mrs. Watts has long been interested, amused, astonished, disgusted, allured by the antics of such people and their unfortunate audiences; so that finally she created the character by a species of necessity. Mr. Wright, on the other hand, has taken a stock figure, a common and conventional character of our generation,—the wonderful intellectual and social heretic,—and has tried to tell us how such a person would act. But he has not even studied the conventional type carefully enough.

Mr. Wright also, and perhaps primarily, wishes us to understand that a man of genius will find it hard to arrange his relations with women so that they will not interfere with his more important affairs. But this is a matter which has been dealt with so often of late that it does not seem to call for especial discussion here.

Those who do not like either good or bad books like the above may be tempted by two other books of a very different character. In "Frey and His Wife" and "The Portion of a Champion," Mr. Maurice Hewlett and Mr. o Sullivan tighe have caught the spirit, the one of the old Norse Saga, and the other of the old Irish Hero-story. I am perhaps too bold in regard to Mr. o Sullivan tighe's book, for I have never really read much of the literature that evidently inspires him. But his book seems as if it must be right. I would like to find some faults: I feel that the utterances of the shannachies and brehons should be given in triads instead of quatrains. There is something strangely distinctive in a triad, for example:

Hast thou heard what Garselit said,
The Irishman whom it is safe to follow?
"Sin is bad, if long pursued."

That is not exactly Mr. o Sullivan tighe's doctrine; yet he, like Garselit, is in this tale an Irishman (as I guess) whom it is quite safe to follow, at least in pursuit of amusement. Then I feel as if some of the adventures and incidents were a little conventional. But that, to tell the truth, is one of the characteristics of the Red Book of Ulster (if that, by chance, be a correct name) or the Book of the Dun Cow, as of a good deal of fiction since. So fault-finding comes really to little; if one likes stories of this sort, as many do, one will like Mr. o Sullivan tighe's, for it is a very good one.

"The Portion of a Champion," however, has more to it than a sequence of adventure, good or bad. It is in its implications the picture

of an old civilization now long passed away, a civilization very different from ours,—so different indeed that it is wellnigh impossible for us really to imagine it, however much we may be amused or attracted by some of its details. It has been the fashion for a good while in the neo-Celtic group to look back to those days with a vague sentiment of desire, as though there were something there that might be restored to the life of our own time. No pictures of Oisín or of Deirdre have given me so much of an idea of a something worth while in that old Celtic otherworld as this tale of adventure by Mr. o Sullivan tighe. Deeply engrained in the minds of those people was the respect for law. Not very good law, perhaps, and good or bad not always easy to get at; but such as it was, whether found in custom, in poem, or in decree, it was a dominating factor in life. That in itself was a good thing: to have some really steadfast guide for life, even if it were no better than the rather rigid guide of law. Mr. o Sullivan tighe is aware of other guides, and he presents his champion as once or twice coming under the influence of that other great guide of life which has gradually subverted the idea of law without as yet imposing itself universally in its place,—namely, the guide of life which brought St. Patrick to Ireland. That is something which made a great change in the world, both in the social tradition of ancient Erin and in the Stoic discipline of Rome which the Champion met with in his expedition into Gaul.

Mr. Hewlett's "Frey and His Wife" is a most entertaining saga, written with all Mr. Hewlett's skill in getting into the form and spirit of ancient ways of word and thought. It is a very curious story. Beginning with some unimportant matter about Osmund Dint, useful merely in showing how things came about, the real story is about a man named Gunnar, who fled from Norway across to Sweden in the days of Olaf Triggvason. In Sweden he fell in with some people who held a god Frey in great esteem. Frey was a fine-looking god made of wood, and handsomely painted and clothed. He was married to an attractive girl, and blessed the fields and crops. The saga tells how Gunnar became concerned in this strange combination. There may be some deep hidden meaning in the story, though I judge not. It seems to be what it is on the surface, an amusing and astonishing tale of a simple kind of life. That is a good kind of story to tell, for in it the writer can say all sorts of things that are interesting. Mr. Hewlett, of course, is equal to the opportunity. EDWARD E. HALE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Leaders in
Ireland's fight
for freedom.*

It is now nearly seven hundred and fifty years since the sons of Nesta crossed the Irish Sea and began the conquest of Ireland on the suggestion of the English king. The process of subjugation was long and wearisome; there have been many revolts on Irish soil, much blood has been shed in the name of Irish liberty, and apparently the end is not yet. These revolutionary uprisings have, however, as a rule ended disastrously, and have served merely to fasten the chains more securely on the necks of the restless Irishmen. Far more important has been the long and continuous parliamentary conflict of the last century and a half, which has actually brought the Irish people in sight of the promised land. This phase of the struggle for freedom in Ireland may be said to have been begun in 1759, when Henry Flood entered the Irish parliament. Since that day there has been an uninterrupted succession of brilliant and picturesque, though not always discreet, Irish political leaders in the parliaments of Dublin and Westminster. In a volume entitled "The Irish Orators" (Bobbs-Merrill Co.), Mr. Claude G. Bowers has brought together a series of studies of the personalities and careers of the more eminent among these leaders, which taken together give a continuous, though very incomplete, "history of Ireland's fight for freedom." Mr. Bowers has selected nine of the leading agitators of the period covered, and the list is one that every Irishman is likely to approve. It comprises Henry Flood, the spokesman of the Irish "Volunteers"; Grattan, whom Fox called the "Irish Demosthenes"; Curran, the great advocate of Irish rights at the bar of justice; Lord Plunkett, who led the fight against the Act of Union in 1800; Robert Emmet, who headed the ill-considered uprising of 1803; Daniel O'Connell, the "Liberator"; General Meagher, who was involved in the revolutionary movement of 1848, and later won fame in our own civil war; Isaac Butt, who led the Irish membership in parliament just before the organization of the Nationalist party; and Charles Stewart Parnell. The larger part of the work is, however, devoted to the careers and achievements of Grattan, O'Connell, and Parnell. In these essays Mr. Bowers does not pretend to give biographical sketches; his discussions are rather in the form of appreciations,—attempts to determine what each one of his subjects has contributed to the cause of Irish freedom. The author writes in a glowing, vigorous, and eloquent style, and has produced a most interesting work; but the instincts of the historian, whose purpose is to present all the truth, he apparently does not possess. There is another side to the Irish question, which is also important, but which Mr. Bowers wholly ignores. One is also led to feel that in his discussion of the merits of his heroes he has not always preserved a proper balance. One rises from the reading of the essay on Grattan with the feeling that in him Irish oratory reached its greatest perfection; but a little further on we meet the statement that "the Irish race . . . has not

given the world a greater orator than John Philip Curran"; and in the essay on O'Connell we are told that as an orator "he was one of the most marvelous the world has known." There can be no doubt that all these nine men were masters of eloquence, but it is generally wise to be sparing in the use of superlatives, even when discussing Irish oratory.

What the President has accomplished.

Not so much a biography of the man as a review of his public services is Mr. Henry Jones Ford's "Woodrow Wilson" (Appleton), even though it bears as sub-title, "The Man and his Work." But with so diligent and productive a worker the work is the man, and the man is the work, to a great extent. Accordingly the larger part of the book is given to Mr. Wilson's record as an educator, his published writings, his entrance into public life, his governorship of New Jersey, and, in six successive chapters, his presidency of the United States. One chapter has to do with his personal traits, and the book ends with "a mid-career appreciation." As a writer Mr. Wilson has accomplished an amount of solid work unsuspected by many. In the Princeton University Library is a bibliography of these published writings from the time he entered Princeton as a student to the day he resigned its presidency to become governor of New Jersey; and this list, though admittedly incomplete, contains seventy-five entries showing a liberal range of scholarly interests with a due measure of concentration and specialization. As an administrator in high office he is, as was to have been expected, represented as conspicuously successful. A tendency to not unnatural and not unpardonable excess of eulogy appears in such passages as this reference to a public utterance of his on the tariff question: "Probably no other presidential utterance ever had such a tremendous reverberation throughout the country." Illustrative also of the tone of the book is the following: "With the war still going on it would be rash to make any prediction as to the permanence of any arrangement, but the indications are that President Wilson has successfully vindicated neutral rights in the midst of the greatest war the world has ever known." His administration has been of so high an order "that the character of the presidential office will be permanently affected." And, finally, as a last word at the end of the closing chapter, "Woodrow Wilson's Administration will figure as the beginning of a new era." Appended is Mr. Wilson's utterance of three years ago on the eligibility of a president to reelection, and on the length of the presidential term. Four portraits of the subject of the book are inserted.

Mountain scenery and mountain art.

The lover of mountainous country will welcome Professor John C. Van Dyke's "The Mountain" (Scribner), in which the author, regarding the mountains as pictures as well as matter in evolution, reveals a great deal to those who observe with less knowledge, if not with less ardor. Beginning "From Afar," Professor Van Dyke, in Chapter I,

approaches the distant Rockies from the great prairie, and in Chapter II he approaches them from afar in another sense—from the nebular hypothesis and the planetesimal theory. These introductory chapters are followed by painstaking discussions of the natural appearances of "The Hills," "The Timber-Line," "The Uplands," "Mountain Waters," "Glaciers and Avalanches," "The Snow-line," etc. The following extract, relating to the beautiful, graceful lines of hills (as contrasted with "the abrupt line of a splintered mountain ridge"), illustrates the author's penetrating comment: "Now, these lines of beauty are shown to the best advantage only on sparsely covered hills—that is, hills devoid of thick brush or trees. The heather of the Scotch hills or the grass of the English hills along the sea does not perceptibly check the flow of the lines, but the trees of the Harz or the Catskills muffle and confuse. As soon as timber covers the slopes the lines are softened, weakened, perhaps destroyed. It is possible in sculpture to place drapery over the human figure and make it reveal the very thing it covers; but you cannot have foliage covering the hills and still show through it the rock structure or the earth curves beneath it." One of the most interesting chapters is the last one, in which Professor Van Dyke asks why the painters have not succeeded in following Ruskin in the mountains. His answer is that high mountains are not pictorial. "The qualities of sublimity in the mountains, such as bulk and mass, are the very qualities that cannot be realized or placed upon canvas." In particular, "the quality of looming in the peak" cannot be rendered by the painter. Again, the decorative aspect of a picture is unmanageable when the subject is a mountain. So, too, the colors lead to ineffectiveness, being too cold—there are too many whites, blues, and purples. And again, "The light has little or no warmth and is too clear, too penetrating. It robs the scene of all mystery and is inclined to be glaring." All of these difficulties have been minimized with great skill in the beautiful reproduction of a photograph of "The Weisshorn from above Täsch Alp," which serves as an impressive frontispiece. The book appears at a strategic moment: many a perverid mountaineer, and summer cottager, and week-end-er will take a copy with him to the unpaintable mountains.

The underworld of mind.

It is not a simple matter to convey the spirit and message of "The Psychology of the Unconscious" (Mofat, Yard & Co.), a large volume by Dr. C. G. Jung of the University of Zurich. The explanatory titles, "A Study of the Transformations and Symbolisms of the Libido: A Contribution to the History of the Evolution of Thought," are but modestly helpful. The whole is a significant example of the Freudian psychology of the day. It is introduced with an admirable statement of this psychology by the translator, Dr. Beatrice M. Hinkle, which is itself a worthy contribution. The *libido* is generalized into the underlying striving which sustains life and animates resolve and conduct. It derives vitality from the deepest phases

of nature, most centrally and richly from the sex impulses which preserve the race and set the pattern for desire. The major argument of the book maintains that the symbolism of myth is a racial record of the *libido*, a revelation of the subconscious workings and the mechanism by which they attain expression. A wide sweep of myths and cults, fables and traditions, religious beliefs, and mystic practices is drawn upon to enforce this view. Parallel with this is the interpretation of a series of impressions, moments of inspiration leading to poetical effusions, on the part of one Miss Miller. These, when subjected to the Freudian interpretation, are held to reflect the same type of subconscious emanations of the *libido* as have given rise to the ancient myths. A common source in the *libido*, a common transformation by the poetic or mystic symbolism, and consequently a common significance, underlies the individual and the racial expression. This thread of argument is crossed and intertwined with others until an intricate design results, which the reader will find it difficult to follow; for symbolism is a treacherous guide to proof; and sympathy, if not prepossession, is needed to keep one on the trail. The view that the dream-thought, the reverie, the inspiration, the emotional impression, the poetic theme, is as natural, as intimate a type of thinking as the conscious and accredited argument, will find assent; but the view that such complex symbolisms are constantly at work, and that the *libido*, however generously interpreted, is ever seething and breeding, and through this indirect escape satisfies its repressed yearnings, is hardly so acceptable. That the "Song of Hiawatha" and the myths of Brahma, the Christian mysteries and the classic wonder-tales, are likewise products of the Freudian activities of the psyche is rather a difficult and comprehensive thesis. The courage to maintain it and the erudition to carry through the exposition are the notable qualities of this remarkable book.

An introduction to Wordsworth.

Notwithstanding that Wordsworth has written the longest autobiographical poem in the language, to read that poem is not really the best way to begin acquaintance with its author. As Matthew Arnold pointed out long ago, Wordsworth is one of the few poets to be seen at his best through judicious selections rather than through the whole body of his verse, which was written during an industrious life of eighty years. The reader who happens to make a beginning by way of "The Idiot Boy" or the prologue to "Peter Bell" is unlikely to be tempted further. Thus a book on "How to Know Wordsworth" would be not without value at any time; but there could scarcely be a happier moment than the present for Dr. C. F. Winchester's volume with that title. For it is in Wordsworth that the Englishman of to-day will find expression of the deepest needs of the present hour. Nowhere does love of country find loftier utterance than in Wordsworth's splendid sonnets; no poet is more sure that his countrymen are "sprung of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold." The best of these sonnets were written one hundred and four-

teen years ago, at a time when Wordsworth feared that the brief security from the peace of Amiens was lulling Englishmen into indifference to all noble ends; but they embody as ringing a call for to-day, toward loftier ideals and a higher national life. This is not to say that Wordsworth can ever be termed, in any strict sense, a popular poet,—a fact acknowledged by Dr. Winchester in one of his early chapters, where he calls attention to the poet's limitations. Wordsworth had little sense of the poetic charm of movement or passion; he had no voice for love or war, and no great delight in beauty for its own sake, apart from its moral suggestion; he had a dull ear for the music of verse; he lacked utterly any sense of humor. But granting all this, and not expecting from Wordsworth things he cannot give, no other poet finds so much of the highest kind of joy in the world. No one can drink deeply of his spirit without being kindled to a reverent delight that behind all the shows of earth and sky is a solemn Power and Presence to which our souls are akin. So, while Wordsworth's poetry will never speak to the busy crowd, it can render a better service than that,—it can take us away from "the dreary intercourse of daily life," and set us in the solitude of nature as in a sanctuary; it can infuse a healthy sympathy for the essential virtues of men, however homely; it can dilate the soul with thoughts as lofty and as pure as the naked open sky. To help toward a keener appreciation and a more immediate recognition of the real Wordsworthian mission is the purpose of Dr. Winchester's book, and the author has succeeded admirably both in his sympathetic criticism and in his wisely chosen citations.

The mystery of "Patience Worth."

"Patience Worth" has risen to sudden popularity as a subject of discussion at dinner parties and afternoon teas. She is the heroine of a book by Mr. Casper S. Yost of St. Louis, where the aforesaid "Patience Worth" resides in the person of Mrs. John H. Curran. "Patience" is the planchette personality of Mrs. Curran, and in that capacity is the author of witty conversation, prose tales with a moral, and poetic revelations of more than common merit. These writings are for the most part in a quaint archaic style suggestive of the Elizabethan period of our literature. They reflect a strange acquaintance with the customs and ways of thinking of a by-gone age, and with the manner of expression then current, or a clever imitation thereof. And all this wealth of literary effusion comes in the form of painful letter-by-letter spelling of a ouija board under the manipulation of Mrs. Curran's sensitive mind. Such phrases as the following, taken at random, illustrate the language and the wisdom: "Thee'lt bump thy nose to look within the hopper"; "Should thee let thy fire to ember I would fain cast fresh faggots." Mrs. Curran in everyday life is a cultivated woman, not professionally literary; she has never been to Europe, makes no pretence to historical knowledge, and preserves a discreet silence as to the source of her inspiration. However one

may view the value of the literary expressions, one cannot but be impressed with the wealth and readiness of the output. The phenomenon is presented rather neutrally, but with the strong implication that it is viewed as "a psychic mystery." It is certainly a remarkable human document that is here put together; and yet it is presumably but an unusually rich example of subconscious development. The data are meagre, and there is a curious avoidance of dates, places, and incidents that might be of evidential value. Much of the language is in the nature of studied mannerisms with no claim to authentic correctness. Its development is slow and gradual, suggestive of protracted periods of incubation. The ideas and reflections are well within the capacity of a sensitive and absorbent mind. It is natural, under the volume of the evidence, to resort to hypotheses that science knows not of; but the story is just as remarkable if viewed as the manifestation of a rejected aspect of a complex personality that has somehow yielded to or chosen this secretive form of expression. There may be a considerable number of persons who harbor mute and inglorious Miltonic aspects of their nature, which await only the invitation of a ouija board or other tapping of the subconsciously repressed storehouse to come to the light of day. It would be interesting to have a more explicit autobiographic confession of the wide-awake personality of Mrs. Curran.

*Insect lures
for trout and
trout-anglers.*

Mr. Louis Rhead's "American Trout-Stream Insects" (Stokes) presents the results of studies by an artist-angler-entomologist, the difficulty of which can be appreciated only by those who have made some slight attempts in the same direction. It may be regretted that the author's frequent reference to "my line of lures" and the mention in connection with each plate of "choice flies tied from the author's patterns and sold by his agents" make the book more suggestive of the sporting goods emporium than of the stream-side. No one will grudge the author any financial returns that may come as a result of his labors; but he might well have made this attractive book a pure delight to the sportsman, and reserved matters of a commercial savor for a catalogue. There is also something of "efficiency" theorizing in the remark that "by the systematized method of fishing, success is sure." May the system of trout-fishing never be devised of which this can truthfully be said! Mr. Rhead's contention is that artificial flies should be perfect imitations of the natural insects on which trout are feeding at the time of the cast. The angler who has had the occasional good fortune to land a series of rises on an old fly battered and mutilated out of all semblance to anything living or dead may question whether trout are always such expert entomologists as Mr. Rhead believes. Still, the theory has at least a show of plausibility; and the fascination of trying to copy the natural insect will not be greatly lessened by the frank recognition that, after all, lures are made for the fisherman as well as for the fish. The studies in colors of the prevailing insects for each month are well-

executed, and the descriptions are clear and sensible. Mr. Rhead's observations were apparently made on eastern streams, but it is probable that most of the species will be found over the waters of the middle west. The chapter on amateur fly-dressing contains some useful hints, though the list of materials and accessories that the author deems necessary is appalling to a man who has had much pleasure and some apparent success in tying flies from an outfit kept in a single cigar-box. The last fifty of the 177 pages of the book describe a series of artificial frogs, minnows, etc., designed by the author and light enough to be handled on a fly-rod.

*A pre-Victorian
view of woman.*

Take a baker's dozen blatant ills of the sweated trades, add to them the vagaries of extremists among feminists, throw in greed and commercialism, infant mortality, prostitution, graft at the polls, and the passing of the home for full measure, call it feminism, then wonder why your cake is dough: and withal you have the mental process revealed by Mr. and Mrs. John Martin in their volume on "Feminism" (Dodd). First we are given the man's point of view. Mr. Martin uses his space largely to show that woman in industry must sacrifice herself, since business will not yield. In Europe, the woman of to-day, in factory and field, is giving the lie to this argument that she lacks strength to cope with industrial conditions; in America humaner labor laws prevail because of woman, and if these can be extended to protect the laboring man as well, her sacrifice, though tremendous, will not be vain. Mrs. Martin attempts a strong plea for a full expression of woman's womanliness. She plans to establish a Utopian domestic guild to remove the "stigma attaching to the servant's calling"; for the unmarried mother, society should provide the "offer of secrecy that the shame of exposure might not be made the price for human care"; woman, she warns, must never forget that her true place is "the HOME" (*sic*). How smug it all is! No true feminist will deny that woman's place is the home. What they aver is that no amount of capital letters will dignify that home so long as she makes it a place to sit in judgment on those less fortunate than she. Other things being equal, one may find the finest type of womanhood among those who obey the call of domesticity or motherhood, though placed by circumstances outside their own home or the pale of matrimony. To refer, in lump, to the stigma of the one or the shame of the other is crassly ante-diluvian, or pre-Victorian at least. Both authors, in taking feminism far too seriously, ignore two things: just now woman is bent on adventure, and she is demanding liberty. She wants suffrage and political freedom as a recognized inherent right, not as something man may grudgingly give. She has a huge wonder, a legitimate curiosity, about the world—man's world, for which she is expected to train her children to become useful citizens. As a sex, she is in the awkward age, but there is not half the danger the Martins anticipate that her pranks are going to capsize the boat.

*Belgian
tributes to
Britain.*

The great majority of the books written about the war prove how the belligerents can hate, but there is at least one which shows how they can love. "A Book of Belgium's Gratitude" (Lane) is at once the record of the great-hearted generosity of the British Empire toward its martyred guests, and of the gratitude of the sufferers. The volume, beautifully illustrated with English scenes viewed through the eyes of Belgian artists, contains (in French and in English) contributions from prominent Belgians in all spheres of activity. After the reproduction of autograph letters from the royal family, contributions by ministers of state and other personages high in authority describe the different phases of the relief movement in which every part of the Empire has eagerly shared. Artists, musicians, professors, and men of letters, including Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, and Cammaerts, offer striking tributes to the welcome extended to them. The gratitude of the humble is shown in the numerous anecdotes—sometimes humorous, more often pathetic—which add much to the vividness and sincerity of the book. Then there are occasional letters, straight from the trenches. In one a soldier on the Yser, who lays no claim to book-learning, addresses his benefactress as "tu" and "vous" in the same sentence. Doubtless he was constantly interrupted by speaking to comrades. There is but one poem,—that entitled "To England," written by Fernand Séverin. The first stanza gives the spirit of the whole collection:

Nous étions sans appui: tu nous as secourus,
Nous étions las, meurtris, saignants, bien qu'invaincus:
Tes soins ont adouci notre fièvre détresse.
Tu nous as fait bénir, à force de tendresse,
Ce que l'heure présente avait pour nous d'amer.

*An American
anthropologist.*

Few men in American science have deserved greater credit than Dr. W. J. McGee. Without the advantage or prestige of a college training, he entered the field of professional science as an original investigator, and gained an enviable place and name. His earlier work upon the geology of northeastern Iowa, where he was born and reared, was of such quality as to bring him into relations with the United States Geological Survey. He won the respect and strong personal affection of the Director of the Survey, Major John W. Powell, who came to depend greatly upon him. Dr. McGee's most important scientific work was done in connection with the Survey. Major Powell's last years were largely given to the Bureau of American Ethnology, and here too he associated Dr. McGee with himself and at his death left Dr. McGee the Acting-Chief of the organization. Not the least important scientific service of Dr. McGee was in connection with the department of Anthropology at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, where he had opportunity for the presentation of some of his most original ideas. Later, he became associated with the Deep Waterways Commission, to which his full energy was being given when death took him. A man of force, originality, and ideas, Dr. McGee deserves a monumental biography. The "Life" by his sister,

Emma R. McGee, now privately printed, cannot claim to be such, and is far from giving a satisfactory presentation of Dr. McGee's career; it gives little detail concerning his actual work. Two-thirds of the book is taken up with extracts from his writings. While these are interesting in themselves and in the glimpses they give us of the author, they occupy space that might have been better used for a fuller life story.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Without condensation of the text, a new edition of Professor John Spence Bassett's "Life of Andrew Jackson" has been issued in one volume by the Macmillan Co. Distinctive features of the work were commented upon in these columns (June 16, 1912) when the biography first appeared, and it now gains in value by the general revision to which it has been subjected.

Unlike most publications of the sort, Miss Virginia Robie's "Historic Styles in Furniture" (Houghton), a volume which first appeared ten years ago and is now reissued in less expensive form, deals with the subject in its broader aspects,—in its relation to background and setting. Delightful glimpses of social life of the periods dealt with make the account informal, without the sacrifice of sufficient technical details to meet the needs of the general reader.

"The Haitian Revolution, 1791 to 1804," by Mr. T. G. Steward, is now reissued in a second edition (Crowell). Enthusiasm for his subject and a personal knowledge of present-day life on the island help the author in his endeavor, as he suggests in the Introduction, to present "touches of genius in character, and here and there glimpses of moral grandeur in action." A list of authorities consulted, a chart of the presidents of Haiti with their terms of office, a classified list of Haitian authors with names of their works, and an appendix containing Thiers's Exposition of the Revolution are useful features of the volume.

Despite the melancholy interest that must attach at this time to a reprint of The Hague conventions and declarations of 1899 and 1907, it is well to be reminded that modern civilization was at least capable of formulating such a code, even though it could not maintain it. The large volume which Dr. James Brown Scott has edited for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and which the Oxford University Press publishes, contains the complete text of these two declarations, with tables of signatures, ratifications and adhesions of the various powers, and texts of reservations. An exhaustive "Index-Digest" to all of this material is a feature of great value.

A service of no little importance to American students of economics has been performed by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. in publishing a new translation of Gide and Rist's "History of Economic Doctrines," made from the second revised and augmented edition of 1913 under the direction of the late William Smart by Dr. R. Richards.

The work has long been known as probably the best foreign contribution on the subject,—indeed, no English writer has yet covered the same ground with equal thoroughness and success. Its unique value lies in the fact that it gives us "something like a true perspective of certain modern theories by connecting them with their historical antecedents." The translator's work is of excellent quality, and the wealth of detail in the volume is made completely available for reference purposes by a full index.

The beauty and variety of our spring wild flowers fully entitle them to the distinctive treatment which Miss Harriet L. Keeler has accorded them in her pocket volume, "Our Early Wild Flowers" (Scribner). Something like one hundred and thirty plants are described, including all that are habitually in bloom during March, April, and May in the northern states. In addition to careful descriptions and general comments, practically every plant dealt with is illustrated,—eight in exceptionally good water-color plates by Miss Eloise P. Luquer, twelve in full-page reproductions from photographs, and the rest in pen-and-ink text drawings. The little book should prove an indispensable companion for the nature-lover in his spring rambles.

On the theory that a little learning is a dangerous thing, the "A-B-C books" projected by Messrs. Harper should be set down as among the most iconoclastic ventures of the publishing season. An examination, however, of those at hand belies the supposition, and we recommend each in its field, both for the simple manner in which facts are presented and for the definite way in which it lures the interested reader to make a practical test of its principles. The following volumes have been published: "A-B-C of Correct Speech," by Mrs. Florence Howe Hall; "A-B-C of Vegetable Gardening," by Mr. Eben E. Rexford; "A-B-C of Golf," by Mr. John Duncan Dunn; "A-B-C of Automobile Driving," by Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill; "A-B-C of Motion Pictures," by Mr. Robert E. Walsh; and "A-B-C of Cooking," by Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick.

To the already innumerable illustrated editions of Omar Khayyám must now be added a quarto volume privately printed and published by Messrs. Galloway & Porter, of Cambridge, England, the particular distinction of which is that it is the work of a Persian artist, Mera Ben Kavas Sett. "It is original," says the artist, "as much as a thorough acquaintance of Persian literature and thoughts can render it." No one is likely to dispute this claim of originality, whatever else may be thought of the book. Indeed, so exotic and weirdly unconventional is the artist's work that one is almost at a loss to judge of its artistic quality. The treatment is largely symbolic, and therefore is a welcome relief from the customary pictorial style of Omar illustrators. Then, too, the artist has not been afraid to express the spirit of frank sensuousness that is inherent in the quatrains. On these accounts the edition is to be welcomed, and collectors of Omar literature should add it to their shelves. The edition is, we believe, limited to 250 copies.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A volume of short stories by Mr. William J. Locke will soon be issued under the title, "Faraway Stories."

"Science of Mechanics" by Ernest Mach is announced for July issue by the Open Court Publishing Co.

"The Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist," by Mr. S. T. Wood, will soon be brought out by Messrs. Dutton.

Mr. J. C. Snaith has recently completed a new novel which will be published at once. "The Sailor" is its title.

A volume of war sketches by Mr. C. Lewis Hind will be published this month by Messrs. Putnam under the title, "The Soldier Boy."

"The Path of the Modern Russian Stage, and Other Essays" is the title of a new volume by Alexander Bakshy, which is soon to be published.

The first book announced by the Britton Publishing Co., a concern recently organized, is "Georgina of the Rainbows" by Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston.

A study of "Contemporary Politics in the Far East," by Professor Stanley K. Hornbeck of the University of Wisconsin, is announced for June publication by Messrs. Appleton.

The third series of "Sixty Years in the Wilderness," by Sir Henry Luey, to which he gives the title "Nearing Jordan," will be published before the end of the present month.

"The Sins of the Children," Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's forthcoming novel of American family life and of temptation as it is met to-day, is announced for issue early in the autumn by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

Two little books dealing with the broader aspects of the immigration problem, which the Macmillan Co. will publish this month, are "Straight America" by Miss Frances A. Kellor, and "Americanization" by Mr. Royal Dixon.

Early in the autumn Mr. Robert J. Shores will issue "United States Army Pioneers," a work showing the achievements of United States army officers in times of peace; and "Under the Southern Cross," a history of polar exploration in the Antarctic.

Among other new volumes to be issued at once by Mr. Nicholas L. Brown of Philadelphia are: "Plays and Sonnets" by Mr. Ernest Lacy, in two volumes, containing three plays and sixty odd sonnets; and "Ephemeris," Greek prose poems by Mr. Mitchell S. Buck.

Mr. Hutton Webster's "Rest Days" is announced for immediate issue by the Macmillan Co. It outlines the origin and development of the Hebrew Sabbath, presenting a large body of evidence relating to rest days in all parts of the world and interpreted from an anthropological standpoint.

Mr. H. G. Wells has just completed a novel entitled "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," which will appear as a serial in the London "Nation" prior to book publication. The story describes Great Britain before the war, and shows how the

conflict has affected the spirit and character of the nation.

Among other volumes which Messrs. Harper announce for publication in the autumn are the following: "The World for Sale," by Sir Gilbert Parker; "The Rising Tide," by Mrs. Margaret Deland; "Rainbow's End," by Mr. Rex Beach, and "The Thirteenth Commandment," by Mr. Rupert Hughes.

Lord Cromer has a third series of "Political and Literary Essays" in preparation with Messrs. Macmillan, dealing for the greater part with matters connected directly or indirectly with the war. The literary essays include a review of Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," and a paper on Lord Curzon's "War Poems."

Some time ago it was announced that the publication of the second volume of Maxim Gorky's autobiography would be indefinitely postponed, owing to the fact that the English translation and printed sheets of the book were interned in Berlin for the duration of the war. But word has now been received that the work is running serially in a Russian magazine, and a fresh translation may be undertaken immediately. It will be called "In the World," and, like the first instalment, "My Childhood," will be published by the Century Co.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

June, 1916.

Academic Freedom. Vida D. Scudder *Century*
 American Diplomacy, Crises in. B. J. Hendrick *World's Work*
 Art, Mystical Interpretation of. A. E. Bye . . . *Seawans*
 Athletic Records. George P. Meade *Scientific*
 Blaine's Nomination and Defeat. Wharton Parker *Pearson's*
 Board of Appeals. The. E. C. Finney *Am. Pol. Sc.*
 Book-Plate Collection, Curiosities of a. Sargent
 Romer *Bookman*
 Business and Philanthropy. R. W. Bruere . . . *Harper*
 Castelnau and Foch. Captain X *Scribner*
 Chemical Enterprises in America. A. W. Atwood *American*
 Childhood: An Autobiography. Katherine Keith . *Atlantic*
 China, Social Reform in. G. L. Harding *Century*
 China's Empire Lost. Frederick Moore *World's Work*
 Christianity, Revival of. Willard Price *Rev. of Revs.*
 Coal-Ports of the World. George Harding . . . *Harper*
 Color Line, Clouds along the. Ray S. Baker *World's Work*
 Coral Reefs, Study of. W. M. Davis *Scientific*
 Cowper's "Task." Warwick James Price . . . *Seawans*
 "David Grayson." John S. Phillips *Bookman*
 "Daylight-Saving" in Europe. C. F. Talman *Rev. of Revs.*
 Defence, Millions for. George Marvin *World's Work*
 Democracy, Thoughts on. Francis P. Venable . *Seawans*
 Depreciation and Rate Control. J. C.
 Bonbright *Quar. Jour. Econ.*
 Difference, The Liberty of. George Hodges . . *Atlantic*
 Drinking, Losses by Moderate. E. F. Bowers . *American*
 Dull Child, Care of the. H. A. Bruce *Century*
 Earth, Evolution of the. T. C. Chamberlin . . *Scientific*
 Economic and Moral Value. R. B. Perry *Quar. Jour. Econ.*
 Education as a Political Institution. Bertrand Russell *Atlantic*
 Egypt, British Control of. Arno Doseh *World's Work*
 Electrical Rates. G. P. Watkins *Quar. Jour. Econ.*
 Farm, Buying a. Francis Copeland *World's Work*
 French War-Time Sketches. Herbert Ward . . *Scribner*
 Friends, Use and Uselessness of. A. L. Benson . *Pearson's*
 Gambling: What It Is. Charles E. Russell . . . *Seawans*
 Germany and the Judgment. T. P. Bailey . . . *Scribner*
 Gold-Hunters. The. Charles J. Lisle *Scribner*
 Government Contests. Philip P. Wells *Am. Pol. Sc.*
 Hawaii, By-Ways in. Katharine F. Gerould . . *Scribner*
 Henley—Last of the Buccaneers. Alfred Noyes *Bookman*
 Home, Downfall of the. W. L. George *Harper*
 Honolulu's Metropolitan Volcano. Vaughan
 McCaughey *Scientific*
 Immigration, Decisions in. Louis F. Post . . *Am. Pol. Sc.*
 Indiana, The Omaha. Keene Abbott *Harper*
 Ireland, The Rebellion in. W. E. Blake . . . *Rev. of Revs.*
 James, Henry, Helen T. and Wilson Follett . *Atlantic*
 Joan of Arc, Miss Hyatt's Statue of. C. H. Caffin *Century*

Jones, Sir Alfred. Albert Hickman *Century*
 Judicial Determinations. C. W. Needham . . *Am. Pol. Sc.*
 Labor Legislation. Leo Wolman *Quar. Jour. Econ.*
 Land Department, The. C. R. Pierce *Am. Pol. Sc.*
 "Mailed Flat." The. James Middleton . . . *World's Work*
 Mons, Battle of. A. Conan Doyle *Everybody's*
 Montana. C. P. Connolly *American*
 Moral Progress, Acceleration of. Durant Drake . *Scientific*
 Morwenston, in Cornwall. Clarence E. Macartney *Seawans*
 Movies, Writing for the. Dale Carnegie . . . *American*
 Mücke of the Enden. Lewis R. Freeman . . . *Atlantic*
 Nationalism in British Empire. A. M. Low . . *Am. Pol. Sc.*
 New York, Wonderful. Wyndham Martyn . . *Pearson's*
 Novel, English, Advance of the—IX. W. L. Phelps *Bookman*
 Novel, The Problem. Edna Kenton *Bookman*
 Peace, A Permanent World. F. B. Vrooman . . *Century*
 Pedestrians and Automobile Traffic. F. U. Adams *American*
 Persia of To-day. Youel B. Mirza *Rev. of Revs.*
 Philadelphians. Harrison Rhodes *Harper*
 President, The Next. R. R. McCormick *Century*
 Profanity, Everyday. Burgess Johnson . . . *Century*
 Railroad Wages. Frederick Kerby *Pearson's*
 Rheumatism, Cause and Cure of. A. R. Reynolds *American*
 Rowing at American Universities. Laurence Perry *Scribner*
 Russia, New Ports in. Paul P. Foster *Rev. of Revs.*
 Russia, Trade Opportunities in. R. W. Child *Everybody's*
 Russian Literature. Abraham Yarmolinsky . . *Bookman*
 Rysselberghie, Theo van. Christian Brinton . . *Scribner*
 Salaries in Civil Service. Robert Moses . . . *Am. Pol. Sc.*
 Sault Ste. Marie Ship Canals. H. T. Wade . . *Rev. of Revs.*
 Saxe—The Vermont Post. J. G. S. and M. S. S. . *Bookman*
 Sea Fight, The Coming. J. B. Macdonald . . *Rev. of Revs.*
 Shakespeare, Chief Problem in. J. S. P. Tatlock *Seawans*
 Shakespeare, Observer of Nature. O. D. von Engeln *Scientific*
 Shakespeare, Playing. Arthur Swan *Seawans*
 Shakespeare as Health Teacher. J. F. Rogers . *Scientific*
 Slav, Mystic Vengeance of. W. M. Fullerton *World's Work*
 Sociology, Fifty Years of. A. W. Small . . . *Am. Jour. Soc.*
 Soldier of the Legion. A. E. Morlae *Atlantic*
 Standardization and Inspection. J. A. Dunaway *Am. Pol. Sc.*
 Submarines in 1861. Oswald Villard *Harper*
 Tai Shan: Ancient Place of Worship. W. K. Fisher *Scientific*
 Thiers, Louis Adolphe. Arvon Schaffer . . . *Seawans*
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LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 128 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

With Americans of Past and Present Days. By J. J. Jusserand. 8vo, 350 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
 A History of the Third French Republic. By C. H. C. Wright. Illustrated, 12mo, 206 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.
 English and American Tool Builders. By Joseph Wickham Roe. Illustrated, large 8vo, 315 pages. Yale University Press. \$3.
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 The Diary of James Gallatin. Edited by Count Gallatin, with introduction by Viscount Bryce. New edition; illustrated in photogravure, etc. 8vo, 314 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.
 The Vigilantes of Montana; or, Popular Justice in the Rocky Mountains. By Thomas J. Dimasdale. Third edition; illustrated, large 8vo, 290 pages. Helena, Mont.: State Publishing Co. \$2.50.
 Histoirs D'Alsace. By Rod. Reuss. Eleventh edition, revised and enlarged; 12mo, 452 pages. Paris: Boivin & Cie. Paper.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Magazine in America. By Algernon Tassin. With frontispiece, 8vo, 374 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.

- Atlantic Classics.** 12mo, 278 pages. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Co. \$1.25.
- Shakespeare Studies.** By members of the Department of English of the University of Wisconsin. Large 8vo, 300 pages. Madison: Published by the University.
- Mary Astell.** By Florence M. Smith, Ph.D. 12mo, 193 pages. Columbia University Press. \$1.50.
- Shakespeare: An Address.** By George Lyman Kittredge. 16mo, 54 pages. Harvard University Press. 50 cts.
- The World's Classics.** New volumes: English Prose, narrative, descriptive, and dramatic, compiled by H. A. Treble; English Critical Essays (nineteenth century), selected and edited by Edmund D. Jones. Each 16mo. Oxford University Press.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

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- Poemes de France: Bulletin Lyrique de la Guerre.** Par Paul Fort. 12mo, 328 pages. Paris: Payot et Cie. Paper.
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